1162. d 34

1162. d 34

K. Aikin

ESSAYS

ON

SONG-WRITING:

WITH A COLLECTION OF SUCH

ENGLISH SONGS

AS ARE MOST EMINENT FOR

POETICAL MERIT.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon
Delevit ætas; ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

HORAT.

WARRINGTON:
Printed by WILLIAM EYRES,
FOR
JOSEPH JOHNSON, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard, LONDON.
MDCCLXXIV.

43.
7. 6.
22.

TO

DORNING RASBOTHAM, Esq.

OF BIRCH HOUSE, NEAR BOLTON,

LANCASHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

IF I may take the liberty of prefixing the name of a friend to a work which can pretend to little more than the merit of compilation, but which the indulgence of the public has conducted a ſecond time to the preſs, there are many reaſons why I ſhould deſire to pay this tribute of reſpect to you.

EXCLUSIVE of the inſtances of regard with which you have honoured me; that happy combination of elegant retirement and ſocial intercourſe, of attention to public duties and cul-

tivation of the fine arts, and, particularly, that refined taſte for the beauties of poetry, and that talent for producing thoſe beauties, for all which Mr. Raſbotham is ſo well known and ſo juſtly admired, will, I am ſure, be thought to ſtamp a peculiar propriety on my intentions.

ACCEPT, therefore, dear Sir, this teſtimony of regard, as proceeding from the ſincereſt ſentiments of eſteem and friendſhip of

Your moſt obedient,

and affectionate

humble Servant,

WARRINGTON,
NOVEMBER 1, 1774.

JOHN AIKIN.

PREFACE.

ON converſing with a few of my friends who were lovers of poetry, I have frequently joined them in lamenting that the number of excellent ſongs *which our language afforded, were ſo diſperſed through a variety of authors, or overwhelmed in injudicious collections, that it was a moſt difficult matter to diſcover and enjoy the riches of this kind which we poſſeſſed. We obſerved that every collection of ſongs, without exception, was degraded by dullneſs, or debaſed by indecency; and that ſong-writing ſcarcely ſeemed in any of them to be conſidered as a pleaſing ſpecies of poetical compoſition, but merely as*

ſerving for the conveyance of ſome favourite tunes. We were concerned to find that the more modern any collection was, it was remarkably the more deficient in poetical merit; ſo that a total decay of all taſte for genuine poetry, in this pleaſing branch of it, was to be apprehended. This we in great meaſure attributed to the faſhionable rage for muſic, which had encouraged ſuch a muſhroom growth of comic operas, *that vile mongrel of the drama, where the moſt enchanting tunes are ſuited with the moſt flat and wretched combinations of words that ever diſgraced the genius of a nation; and where the miſerable verſifier only appears as the hired underling of a muſical compoſer. We thought therefore, that it would be a meritorious piece of ſervice to the cauſe of poetry, by uniting into one firm body the moſt excellent productions in ſong-writing, to form a barrier againſt the modiſh inſipidity of the age, and to gratify ſuch real lovers of genius as yet remain amongſt us.*

This

This taſk I was induced to undertake; and were I to make a boaſtful recital of the numerous volumes of ſong-collections and miſcellany poems which I have turned over for the purpoſe, it would ſhow that induſtry at leaſt had not been wanting in accompliſhing it. This kind of praiſe, however, is of ſo inferiour a nature, that, I confeſs, it would ſcarcely ſatisfy my ambition. During the progreſs of my reſearches, I was inſenſibly led to make ſome remarks on the peculiar character and diverſities of the pieces which paſſed in review before me, and to form compariſons between them, and others, the produce of a different age and country. As the ſubject had novelty to recommended it, and was ſuited to my inclinations, I was incited to purſue it to a length which ſeemed to render it lawful for me to take the title of an Eſſayiſt, inſtead of a mere compiler. If the attempts which ſhould ſupport this more honourable character have not the fortune to meet with approbation,

I muſt be contented with my humble endeavours to pleaſe by the merits of others; yet I cannot acknowledge any impropriety in the deſign, well remembering that Horace promiſes his friends not only to preſent them with verſe, but to tell them the worth of his preſent.

It may perhaps be a matter of ſurpriſe, that after ſo much labour I have not been able to furniſh a larger collection than is here offered; but on conſidering the manner in which theſe pieces have been uſhered into the world, the wonder will ceaſe. The chief ſources of good ſongs, are the miſcellany poems and plays from the time of Charles the ſecond to the concluſion of Queen Ann's reign. Moſt of theſe were given in the earlieſt collections, mixed however with the traſh of the times, and copied from one to another with no farther variation than ſubſtituting new traſh for ſuch as was out of date. In the moſt modern collections, all the beauties, as well as the inſipid pieces of

of the early ones are diſcarded, and the whole is made up of favourite airs from the faſhionable comic operas of the winter, and the ſummer warblings at Vauxhall, Ranelagh and Spring Gardens; ſo that in a year's time they are as much out of date as an almanack. From this account it will be perceived, that after making uſe of one of the beſt old collections as a ſtandard, all the reſt were little more than mere repetitions; and that the very modern ones were entirely uſeleſs.

After all, I would not preſume to ſay that I have culled every valuable production which this branch of poetry affords. Difference of taſte will always prevent uniformity of judgment, even where the faculties of judging are equal; and I have been much leſs ſolicitous to give a collection to which nothing could be added, than one from which nothing could reaſonably be rejected. In ſong-writing, as well as in every other production of art, there

is a large claſs of the mediocres, *which are of ſuch dubious merit as would allow the reader to heſitate in his approbation of them. I have felt very little ſcruple in rejecting a number of theſe. It is not enough that poetry does not diſguſt, it ought to give raptures. A much more diſagreeable piece of ſeverity was the rejection of ſeveral pieces, marked with a rich vein of genuine poetry, but not ſufficiently guarded from offending that charming delicacy of the ſex, which every man muſt admire, and ought to reſpect. Theſe were the luxuriances of an age, when the men of pleaſure laviſhed wit and genius, as well as health and fortune, upon their diverſions. Had they lived at a time when taſte was more refined, and manners were leſs licentious, their natural gallantry would have reſtrained them from offering an outrage to thoſe, whom they moſt wiſhed for readers and admirers.*

I hope I have now ſaid enough to intimate for what claſs of readers this work is calcu-

lated

lated. The ſoft warbler, who fills up a vacancy of thought with a tune, in which the ſucceſſion of words gives no idea but that of a ſucceſſion of ſounds, will here be much diſappointed in meeting with the names of Prior, Congreve *and* Landſdown, *inſtead of* Arne, Brent *and* Tenducci. *The midnight roarer of coarſe jeſt and obſcenity will be ſtill farther out of his element. But to thoſe who are enamoured with that ſacred art, which beyond every other elevates and refines the ſoul, to whom the ſprightly lyre of Horace and Anacreon, and the melting muſic of Sappho ſtill ſound, though ages have paſſed ſince they vibrated on the ear, I will venture to promiſe a ſource of enjoyment, from the works of thoſe great maſters whoſe names adorn this collection, which I hope they will not think too dearly purchaſed by the peruſal of ſuch introductory matter as is ſubmitted to their candid examination.*

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Page
AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit	249
Ah! the ſhepherd's mournful fate	114
Ah! why muſt words my flame reveal	122
Alexis ſhunn'd his fellow ſwains	74
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	64
All my paſt life is mine no more	228
An amorous ſwain to Juno pray'd	231
As Amoret with Phyllis ſat	165
As Ariana young and fair	265
As near a weeping ſpring reclin'd	128
As on a ſummer's day	72
As the ſnow in vallies lying	244
At Cynthia's feet I pray'd, I wept	268
Away, let nought to love diſpleaſing	176
BID me when forty winters more	168
Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he	112
Boaſt not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art	210

	Page
CAN love be controul'd by advice	166
Celia, hoard thy charms no more	243
Celia, too late you would repent	246
Chloe briſk and gay appears	239
Chloe's the wonder of her ſex	237
Chloris, yourſelf you ſo excel	267
Come all ye youths whoſe hearts e'er bled	151
Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be	123
Come little infant love me now	252
Come ſhepherds we'll follow the hearſe	101
Corinna coſt me many a prayer	227
Cupid inſtruct an amorous ſwain	233
Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her	215
DAMON if you will believe me	221
Daphnis ſtood penſive in the ſhade	66
Dear Chloe while thus beyond meaſure	174
Dear Colin prevent my warm bluſhes	224
Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream	69
FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray	217
Fair and ſoft and gay and young	159
Far in the windings of a vale	81
Fly, thoughtleſs youth, th' enchantreſs fly	148
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	171
From all uneaſy paſſions free	147
From place to place forlorn I go	158
GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers	254
Good madam, when ladies are willing	225

	Page
Go plaintive ſounds, and to the fair	142
Go tell Amynta, gentle ſwain	115
HAIL to the myrtle ſhade	137
IF ever thou didſt joy to bind	126
If the quick ſpirit of your eye	247
If wine and muſic have the power	119
In Chloris all ſoft charms agree	218
In vain, dear Chloe, you ſuggeſt	270
In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er	241
In vain you tell your parting lover	117
I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve	220
It is not, Celia, in our power	213
It was a Friar of orders gray	41
LATE when love I ſeem'd to ſlight	248
Let not love on me beſtow	223
Let the ambitious favour find	146
Love and Folly were at play	231
Love's a dream of mighty treaſure	234
Love's but the frailty of the mind	216
MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by	236
Mortals, learn your lives to meaſure	167
My banks they are furniſh'd with bees	93
My dear miſtreſs has a heart	145
My love was fickle once and changing	211

NOT,

	Page
NOT, Celia, that I juſter am	212
Now ſee my Goddeſs, earthly born	133
O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and bare	89
Of Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair	55
Oft on the troubled ocean's face	147
Oh turn away thoſe cruel eyes	240
On a bank beſide a willow	152
O Nancy wilt thou go with me	178
On Belvidera's boſom lying	209
One morning very early, one morning in the ſpring	76
PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part	150
Purſuing beauty men deſcry	259
SAY, lovely dream, where couldſt thou find	251
Say, Myra, why is gentle Love	214
Say not, Olinda, I deſpiſe	173
She loves and ſhe confeſſes too	255
Should ſome perverſe malignant ſtar	271
Stella and Flavia every hour	260
Strephon has faſhion, wit and youth	267
Strephon, when you ſee me fly	131
Swain, thy hopeleſs paſſion ſmother	232
TELL me no more I am deceiv'd	235
Tell me not I my time miſpend	169
Tell my Strephon that I die	157
The Graces and the wand'ring Loves	250
The heavy hours are almoſt paſt	118

	Page
The merchant to ſecure his treaſure	242
There is one dark and ſullen hour	159
The ſun was ſunk beneath the hill	77
The weſtern ſky was purpled o'er	86
Tho' cruel you ſeem to my pain	161
Thy fatal ſhafts unerring move	113
'Tis not the liquid brightneſs of thoſe eyes	135
'Tis now ſince I ſat down before	256
To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb	154
Too plain, dear youth, thoſe tell-tale eyes	129
To the brook and the willow that heard him complain	153
Turn, gentle hermit of the dale	47
'Twas when the ſeas were roaring	62
VAIN are the charms of white and red	238
WAFT me ſome ſoft and cooling breeze	138
What beauties does Flora diſcloſe	79
What! put off with one denial	222
When all was wrapt in dark midnight	59
When charming Teraminta ſings	144
When Delia on the plain appears	120
When firſt I ſaw Lucinda's face	266
When firſt I ſaw thee graceful move	132
When firſt I fought fair Celia's love	226
When firſt upon your tender cheek	263
When gentle Celia firſt I knew	261
When here Lucinda firſt we came	156
When lovely woman ſtoops to folly	157

	Page
When Orpheus went down to the regions below	237
When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain	141
When your beauty appears	164
While in the bower with beauty bleſt	140
Why cruel creature, why ſo bent	170
Why we love and why we hate	223
Why will Florella while I gaze	272
Why will you my paſſion reprove	96
Wine, wine in the morning	269
YE happy ſwains whoſe hearts are free	163
Ye little loves that round her wait	230
Yes, faireſt proof of beauty's power	116
Yes, Fulvia is like Venus fair	219
Ye ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain	162
Ye ſhepherds give ear to my lay	98
Ye ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay	90
Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now	229
Young I am and yet unſkill'd	172

NAMES OF AUTHORS,

WITH REFERENCES.

	Page.
BARBAULD, MRS.	123, 126, 128, 261, 263.
BUCKINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, D. OF	147.
CARTER	172.
CHESTERFIELD, E. OF	236.
COLLINS	154.
CONGREVE	215, 216, 217, 220, 235.
COOPER, GILBERT	176.
COWLEY	255.
CUNNINGHAM	89, 101.
DORSET, D. OF	146, 156.
DRYDEN	115, 152.
--------- CHARLES	265.
EARL	260.
EATON	170.
ETHERIDGE	164, 213.
GAY	62, 64, 66.
GOLDSMITH	47, 157.
HAMILTON	114, 142, 163.
JENYNS, SOAME	129, 226.
LANDSDOWN, LORD	138, 150, 171, 237.
LEE	137.

	Page.
Lisle	237.
Lyttelton, Lord	118, 120, 214.
Mallet	59, 81.
Marvel	252.
Montague, L. M. W.	224.
Otway	151.
Parnel	165.
Percy	41, 178.
Phillips	112, 209, 210, 223.
Prior	74, 116, 117, 119, 244.
Rochester, E. of	145, 228.
Rowe	69, 72, 153.
Sedley	221,
Shenstone	86, 90, 93, 96, 98, 219.
Smollett	113, 141.
Steel	158, 223.
Suckling	256.
Taylor, Mrs.	267.
Tickel	55.
Waller	251, 267.
Walsh	246.
Whitehead	229.
Yonge, Sir W.	225.

*** *Notwithſtanding the pains the Editor has taken to procure information, there are ſtill a number of pieces in the collection, the authors of which he cannot diſcover. Any farther intelligence of this kind will be thankfully received.*

I.

ESSAY

ON

SONG-WRITING

IN GENERAL.

WHILE the two capital ſpecies of poetry, the epic and dramatic, have long engaged the niceſt attention of taſte and criticiſm, the humbler but not leſs pleaſing productions of the Muſe have not obtained that notice from the critic to which the exertions of the poet would ſeem to entitle them. This will appear the more extraordinary when we reflect that ſome of the moſt excellent productions in the former have been the ſpontaneous

growth of a rude and uncultivated ſoil, whereas the latter have never flouriſhed without acquired richneſs in the ſoil and the foſtering hand of art. This critical neglect has given riſe to uncertainty in the diſtinctions, and irregularity in the compoſition of moſt of the minor claſſes of poetry; and while the long eſtabliſhed diviſions of ode, elegy and epigram are involved in theſe difficulties, it is not a matter of wonder to meet with them in the modern pieces which range under the general title of *Songs*.

ALTHOUGH many of our moſt celebrated poets have exerciſed their talents in compoſing theſe little pieces, and their pleaſing effect is univerſally known and acknowledged, yet have we but one profeſſed criticiſm on their compoſition; and this, though elegant and ingenious, is both too ſhort and too ſuperficial to give preciſion and

and accuracy to our ideas on this ſubject. It is contained in a paper of the Guardian written by Mr. Phillips.

In attempting the taſk of determining with exactneſs the nature of *ſong-writing*, and the various diſtinctions of which it is ſuſceptible, together with the ſpecific excellence of each, I find it therefore neceſſary to go far back into the origin of poetry in general, and to recur to thoſe firſt principles exiſting in the human mind, which alone can give a firm foundation to our deductions.

The original poetry of all nations muſt have been very much confined to the deſcription of external objects, and the narration of events. This is a neceſſary conſequence of the barrenneſs of infant language with regard to abſtract ideas, and is confirmed by the remains of antiquity

which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people conſtantly engaged in enterprizes of arms, poetry was ſolely employed in rehearſing the valorous deeds of their heroes; and the horrid pictures of war and deſolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific and ſtupendous. In happier regions, where the mild inhabitants were ſuited to the ſoftneſs and luxury of the climate, the buſineſs of poetry was to paint the ſurrounding profuſion of beautiful objects, the pleaſing incidents of a paſtoral life, the tender cares and raviſhing delights of love. This paſſion found as apt a compariſon with the beautiful ſcenes of nature, as war and deſtruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

Ossian and Theocritus will afford compleat inſtances of the firſt poetry in its two different branches. Mingling

ſtorms

ſtorms, roaring torrents, ſwelling oceans, lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flock, the ſimple ſhepherd and his artleſs fair, deck out the rural landſcape of the Grecian. Thus heroic and paſtoral poetry are at firſt formed, conſiſting chiefly of deſcription and imagery. The paſſion of military glory in the one, and of love in the other, would indeed add ſentiment to the picture, but even theſe ſentiments muſt be expreſſed by a reference to external objects. The lover who had ſought for natural compariſons to paint the charms of his miſtreſs, muſt ſeek for others to expreſs the emotions of his mind. He muſt *burn* with deſire, and *freeze* with diſdain; rage with the *ocean*, and ſigh with the *zephir*; hope muſt *enlighten* him with its *rays*, and deſpair *darken* him with its

gloom. The effects which the paſſions produce upon the body, would alſo prove a happy ſource of the deſcription of emotions. Thus, the fluttering pulſe, the changing colour, the feveriſh glow, the failing heart and the confuſed ſenſes, being natural and invariable ſymptoms of the paſſion of love, would ſoon be obſerv- by the poet, and ſucceſsfully uſed to heighten his deſcription. Hitherto all is ſimple and natural, and poetry ſo far from being the art of fiction, is the faithful copyiſt of external objects and real emotions. But the mind of man cannot long be confined within preſcribed limits; there is an internal eye conſtantly ſtretching its view beyond the bounds of natural viſion, and ſomething new, ſomething greater, more beautiful, more excellent, is required to gratify its noble longing. This eye of the mind is the imagination—it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies

abſtract

abſtract ideas, it ſuggeſts unexpected reſemblances, it creates firſt, and then preſides over its creation with abſolute ſway. Not leſs accurately and philoſophically, than poetically, has our great Shakeſpeare deſcribed this faculty in the following lines.

The Poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aery nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The moſt eſſential differences in poetical compoſition may be referred to the circumſtance of its turning upon nature or fiction, and on this will depend its fitneſs or unfitneſs to produce peculiar effects. In general, whatever is deſigned to move the paſſions cannot be too natural and ſimple. It is alſo evident that when

the profeſſed deſign of the poet is to paint the beauties of nature and the rural landſcape of paſtoral life, he muſt give as great an air of reality as poſſible to his piece, ſince a bad imitation neceſſarily produces diſguſt. On the other hand, when the aim is to elevate and ſurprize, to gratify a love of novelty and the pleaſing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction muſt be ſet at work, and the imagination employed without controul to create new images and diſcover uncommon reſemblances and connexions. To purſue our inſtance taken from the paſſion of love; the poet who wiſhes rather to pleaſe and ſurprize than to move, will ranſack heaven and earth for objects of brilliant and unuſual compariſon with every circumſtance relating to the paſſion itſelf or its object. He will not value ſentiment as the real offspring of an emotion, but as ſuſceptible of ingenious turns,

ſtriking

ſtriking contraſts and pleaſing alluſions. He will not compoſe from the heart but the head, and will conſult his imagination rather than his ſenſations. This quality is peculiarly termed wit, and a juſt taſte for it is never acquired without a conſiderable degree of national refinement. Pieces of wit are therefore later in their date than any others.

This brief account of the progreſs of poetry in general being premiſed, let us proceed to a nearer inſpection of our ſubject.

In attempting to fix a meaning to the word *ſong*, the firſt idea which ſtrikes us ariſes from its name, ſignifying ſomething to be ſung. We ſhall diſcuſs this a little at large.

The union of muſic with poetry muſt appear

appear extremely natural. We find it to have taken place univerſally in the uncultivated ſtate of all nations, and to have continued partially in the moſt refined. In all languages the words expreſſing vocal muſic have been alſo uſed indiſcriminately to ſignify poetry; and though we at preſent conſider ſuch expreſſions as figurative, there is no doubt but they were originally natural. The ſacred name of *ſong* was not then proſtituted to a ſucceſſion of unmeaning ſounds tortured into muſic through the odious pipe of an equivocal mutilated animal; it was a general term to expreſs all that the ſiſter Muſes of poetry and melody could combine to delight the ear and raviſh the heart. This enchanting union is now in great meaſure diſſolved, yet I will venture to aſſert that it was not poetry but her leſs ſentimental companion muſic who began the ſeparation. The luxury of artificial harmony, taking

taking place of the ſimple graces of melody rendered inſtrumental muſic chiefly ſought after, and the aſſiſtance of poetry in conſequence unneceſſary. The preſent age is characterized by a languid ſenſual indolence, averſe even in its pleaſures to any thing that requires attention of the mind. The ear inſtead of being an avenue to the heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of ſenſe, and the heroine, poetry, muſt give place to the harlot, muſic. And when the latter has deigned to borrow the vehicle of words, ſhe has ſhown by her choice that ſhe has regarded poetry rather as a burden upon her exertions than an aſſiſtant.

The term *ſong* may therefore be conſidered in a double ſenſe—if the idea of muſic prevails, it ſignifies no more than a ſet of words calculated for adaptation to a tune; if poetry be the principal object, it is a

ſpecies

ſpecies of poetical compoſition regulated by peculiar laws, and ſuſceptible of a certain definition; ſtill however retaining ſo much of the muſical idea, as to make it an eſſential circumſtance, that by a regularly returning meaſure it be capable of being ſet to a tune.

A SONG as a poetical compoſition may be defined, a ſhort piece, divided into returning portions of meaſure, and formed upon a ſingle incident, thought or ſentiment. Under this definition the general ſubject from which the particular topic is taken is not reſtricted; but it has been found that emotions of tenderneſs and gaiety are peculiarly adapted to ſong-writing. Cuſtom therefore has almoſt ſolely confined the general ſubject of ſongs to love and wine, and it muſt be acknowledged that the nature of the compoſition, and the aſſiſtance of muſic, contribute to give

give theſe ſubjects a peculiar air of gracefulneſs and propriety.

A NUMBER of diſtinctions have been formed in modern poetry from trifling particularities in the verſification of theſe pieces, ſuch as the number of lines compoſing a ſtanza, the repetition of a line at regular diſtances, the ordonnance of the rhyme, and the like.

THE laborious Baron Bielfield, in his *elements of univerſal erudition*, has thought it worth while to particularize a great variety of theſe diſtinctions in French poetry, ſuch as the Sonnet, the Rondeau, the Vaudeville, &c. I cannot but conſider theſe petty diverſities as very uneſſential to the poetical character of any compoſition; this curſory mention is therefore all the notice I ſhall beſtow on them.

IF we examine the poetical remains of antiquity,

antiquity, we ſhall find various examples of pieces which come under the foregoing deſcription of a *ſong*. That beautiful relique of Sappho, which is well known to the Engliſh reader by Mr. Phillips's excellent tranſlation

"Bleſt as the immortal Gods is he," &c.

is an exact model of ſong-writing. The poems of the gay and ſprightly Anacreon are almoſt all *ſongs* in every reſpect except the meaſure, which inſtead of being divided into returning ſtanzas, is uniform. Yet this would not neceſſarily diſqualify it for muſical adaptation, and there is no doubt but they were really ſung and accompanied with inſtrumental muſic. The Odes of Horace contain many beautiful ſpecimens of the *ſong* complete in every circumſtance. All theſe pieces are handed down to us under the denomination of Lyric poetry, the nature of which, as intimately

timately connected with our ſubject, it will be proper to examine with ſome attention.

The union of muſic and poetry among the ancients was very ſtrict. It would ſeem that they had no idea of the muſic of ſounds without words, and they appear ſeldom or never to have uſed vocal muſic without accompanyment with inſtrumental. The lyre was the favourite inſtrument for this purpoſe, and hence that ſpecies of poetry deſigned to be ſung to muſic acquired the denomination of lyric. Yet we have variety of proof that this term is applied with equal propriety to poetry accompanied with any other inſtrument. Horace abounds with ſuch inſtances—it will be ſufficient to refer to his firſt ode

——— ſi neque *tibias*
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Leſboum refugit tendere *barbiton.*

immedi-

immediately after, to fix the claſs of poets to which he belongs, he ſays

Quod ſi me Lyricis vatibus inſeres.

To anſwer this purpoſe of muſical adaptation, Lyric poetry has always been in poſſeſſion of a variety of meaſures, differing indeed greatly among themſelves, but all very diſtinguiſhable from the ſtately regular march of Heroics, and the languid inequality of elegy. Thus the Anacreontic is ſmart and lively, the Sapphic tender and melodious, the irregular Pindaric ſuited to the ſudden changes and unbounded flights of the wild various muſic of the paſſions. Horace affords a fine profuſion of regularly returning meaſures ſuited to all the varieties of muſical expreſſion, many of which one can ſcarcely read without falling into a natural muſic.

So far Lyric poetry is characterized by its

its manner of compoſition; will it alſo admit of a character from the nature of its ſubjects? It has been already obſerved that the pieces of Sappho and Anacreon are formed entirely upon gay and amorous topics. A beautiful variety of poems of this caſt is to be met with in Horace, and he frequently mentions the peculiar ſuitableneſs of them to the Lyric muſe. Thus

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
Strictis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus ----------

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
Pæno purpureum ſanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Non hoc jocoſæ conveniet lyræ.
Quo Muſa tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones Deorum, et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

But what muſt we think of theſe declarations when he nobly breaks out "Quem virum aut heroa," &c. when he undertakes with ſuch ſucceſs to ſing the great actions of Auguſtus, the praiſes of Druſus, and the poetical character of Pindar, with Pindar's own fire and ſublimity? In that beautiful ode, the 9th of the 4th book, where he ſketches out the Grecian bards, his predeceſſors in Lyric poetry, we find the

Ceæque, Alceique *minaces*
Steſichorique *graves* Camenæ,

as well as the wanton gaiety of Anacreon and the amorous ſoftneſs of the Leſbian maid. One of the oldeſt pieces of Grecian Lyric poetry extant, is a heroic ode ſung by the Athenians at their public feaſts in commemoration of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton. The odes of Pindar celebrate

lebrate the victors at the Olympic games, and the hymns of Callimachus riſe to the praiſes of the Gods.

From theſe inſtances it appears that Lyric poetry does not admit of any diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic from its ſubject, but merely from the circumſtance of its accompanyment with muſic: thus Horace briefly defines it "verba ſocianda chordis." But this circumſtance will in ſome meaſure influence the choice of a ſubject, as it is evident that long continued narration, the didactic part of any art or ſcience, and ſatire, are not ſuitable topics for a ſpecies of poetry which above all others is calculated to pleaſe, elevate and ſurprize.

If we now compare the idea here given of Lyric poetry, with what was before obſerved concerning ſong-writing, it will plainly appear that the lattter is one branch

of the former; that, to wit, which in its ſubject is confined to gaiety and tenderneſs, or, to expreſs it claſſically, the Sapphic and Anacreontic. The graver and ſublimer ſtrains of the Lyric Muſe are exemplified in the modern ode, a ſpecies of compoſition which admits of the boldeſt flights of poetical enthuſiaſm, and the wildeſt creations of the imagination, and requires the aſſiſtance of every figure that can adorn language, and raiſe it above its ordinary pitch.

Critics have very commonly lamented that the moderns fall ſhort of the antients more particularly in this ſpecies of poetry than in any other; yet, did it belong to my preſent ſubject, I ſhould not deſpair of convincing an impartial reader, that the Engliſh names of Dryden, Gray, Akenſide, Maſon, Collins, Warton, are not inferior in real poetical elevation to the moſt renowned

nowned Grecian or Roman which antiquity can produce. The modern ode and the ſong are in general diſtinguiſhable by their ſubject, by the different degree of elevation and ornament in the language, and by a greater length and irregularity in the meaſure of the former, which is not adapted to vocal muſic. Yet as theſe diſtinctions are rather relative than abſolute, it is eaſy to ſee that they may approach each others limits ſo as to render it dubious under which claſs they range, which would be the caſe with many of Horace's odes if converted to Engliſh poems.

We are now prepared to make uſe of the general deduction of the progreſs of the mind through the different ſtages of poetical compoſition, formerly attempted, in forming an arrangement of ſongs into a few diſtinct claſſes.

THE rude original paſtoral poetry of our country furniſhes the firſt claſs in the popular pieces called ballads. Theſe conſiſt of the village tale, the dialogue of ruſtic courtſhip, the deſcription of natural objects, and the incidents of a rural life. Their language is the language of nature, ſimple and unadorned; their ſtory is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage; and their ſentiments are the unſtudied expreſſions of paſſions and emotions common to all mankind.

NATURE, farther refined, but ſtill nature, gives the ſecond claſs of pieces containing the ſentimental part of the former, abſtracted from the tale and rural landſcape, and improved by a more ſtudied obſervation of the internal feelings of paſſion and their external ſymptoms. It is the natural philoſophy of the mind, and the

the deſcription of ſenſations. Here love appears in all its various forms of deſire, doubt, jealouſy, hope, deſpair; and ſuggeſts a language, rich, ſtrong, and figurative. This is what may ſtrictly be called the pathetic in poetry.

The third claſs is formed upon an artificial turn of thinking, and the operation of the fancy. Here the ſentiments ariſe from cool reflexion and curious ſpeculation, rather than from a preſent emotion. They accordingly require enlivening by ingenious compariſon, ſtriking contraſt, unexpected turns, a climax finiſhing in a point, and all the pleaſing refinements of art which give the denomination of ingenious and witty to our conceptions. Some eſſential diſtinctions will appear in this claſs ariſing from the various kinds of wit; but they all agree in the circumſtance of ſpringing rather from fancy than paſſion, and con-

ſequently of exciting pleaſure and ſurprize rather than the ſympathetic emotions.

It is obſervable that it is this claſs alone which anſwers the idea Mr. Phillips gives of ſong-writing in his little eſſay; and hence he has been betrayed into a little inconſiſtency; for while he compares ſong-writing in general to the gay and amorous ſpecies of antient Lyric poetry, he refers us to the French ſongs as examples of perfection, which are almoſt ſolely of the witty and ingenious kind, and totally different from moſt of the remains of antiquity. In particular the little epigrammatic ſong which he there cites and tranſlates, is ſo entirely diſſimilar to the celebrated piece of Sappho which he has ſo happily made his own, that it is wonderful the diſtinction did not ſtrike him.

I shall juſt farther remark with regard to

to the propoſed arrangement of our collection, that when genius is left to itſelf without fixed laws to conduct it, each different ſpecies of writing is ſo apt by imperceptible gradations to ſlide into the next in kindred, that it is frequently impoſſible for the critic to preſerve his claſſes pure and free from mixture, without a too ſcrupulous rejection of pieces really beautiful though ſomewhat faulty in regularity. The reader will eaſily perceive, and I hope make proper allowances for ſeveral inſtances of equivocal arrangement, which from this cauſe I have not been able to avoid.

II.

ESSAY

ON

BALLADS

AND

PASTORAL SONGS.

THE ballad may be conſidered as the native ſpecies of poetry of this country. It very exactly anſwers the idea formerly given of original poetry, being the rude uncultivated verſe in which the popular tale of the times was recorded.

As

As our anceſtors partook of the fierce warlike character of the northern nations, the ſubjects of their poetry would chiefly conſiſt of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national hiſtory, deeply tinctured with that paſſion for the marvellous, and that ſuperſtitious credulity, which always attend a ſtate of ignorance and barbariſm. Many of the antient ballads have been tranſmitted to the preſent times, and in them the character of the nation diſplays itſelf in ſtriking colours. The boaſtful hiſtory of her victories, the proweſs of her favourite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary ſaint and knight errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curioſity to the antiquarian and man of taſte. As it is not my deſign to collect pieces of this ſort, which is already done in a very elegant

elegant manner by Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of antient Engliſh poetry*, I ſhall proceed to conſider the ballad more as an artificial than a natural ſpecies of compoſition.

When language became refined, and poetical taſte elevated, by an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors, the ſubjects of the Epic Muſe were no longer dreſt in the homely garb of the popular ballad, but aſſumed the borrowed ornament and ſtately air of heroic poetry; and every poetical attempt in the ſublime and beautiful caſt was an imitation of the claſſic models. The native poetry of the country was reſerved merely for the humorous and burleſque; and the term ballad was brought by cuſtom to ſignify a comic ſtory, told in low familiar language, and accompanied with a droll trivial tune. It was much uſed by the wits of the time

as

as a vehicle for laughable ridicule, and mirthful ſatire; and a great variety of the moſt pleaſing ſpecimens of this kind of writing is to be found in the ballads of the witty æra of Engliſh genius, which I take to be comprehended between the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and the times of Swift and Prior. Since that period the genius of the age has chiefly been characterized by the correct, elegant, and tender; and a real or affected taſte for beautiful ſimplicity has almoſt univerſally prevailed. This has produced ſeveral imitations of the antient ballad as a ſerious compoſition, turned however in its general ſubject from the ſtory of martial adventure to the pathetic tale of the peaceful village. It is a juſt taſte, founded upon real obſervation of nature, which enjoins ſimplicity of expreſſion in every attempt to engage the ſympathetic emotions; we have many delightful examples of its ſucceſs, and I

hope

hope in this collection to prove by ſome powerful appeals to the heart, how ſweetly the antient ballad, judiciouſly imitated, is adapted to this purpoſe. A delicate ſenſe of propriety, and nice judgment are required to conduct the plan of ſimplicity in ſuch a manner as to retain all its beauties without ſinking into inſipidity or diſguſtful vulgarity. In general, we ſhould aim at it rather by dropping all ornament and glitter, than by putting on an affected ruſticity, and making uſe of antiquated expreſſions. We ſhould be particularly careful that ſimplicity reigns in the thoughts as well as the language, a very eſſential piece of uniformity, which yet ſome writers of eminence have not always obſerved. If the piece be narrative, ſuch circumſtances of the ſtory as tell it in the moſt ſtriking manner are to be held out to view, and their effect is not to be interrupted by ſimile or metaphor, or any of the artificial prettineſſes of language

language that may fall in his way. They have no buſineſs here; they do not accord with that ſtring of the ſoul which is here to be ſtruck.

As it is abſolutely eſſential to all imitations of the antient ballad, that the ſtory on which they are founded, with all its circumſtances and manners, ſhould be perfectly natural, and appropriated to our own ſoil, I cannot include ſeveral pieces of the *paſtoral* kind under the title of ballads, though very nearly reſembling them in point of ſimplicity and ſtyle of compoſition. Paſtoral poetry is a native of happier climates, where the face of nature, and the manners of the people are widely different from thoſe of our northern regions. What is reality on the ſoft Arcadian and Sicilian plains, is all fiction here; and though by reading we may be ſo familiarized to theſe imaginary ſcenes as to acquire

quire a ſort of natural taſte for them, yet, like the fine fruits of the ſouth, they will never be ſo far naturalized to the ſoil as to flouriſh without borrowed warmth and forced culture. The juſtice of this obſervation is ſufficiently proved, by the ill ſucceſs of thoſe attempts in the mixed paſtoral, where the rude ſpeech and rough manners of our Engliſh hinds have been engrafted upon the foreign poetical character of the ſhepherd ſwain. This gave occaſion to Pope's well known ridicule of Phillips; and it is this incongruity of character which is the foundation of the burleſque in Gay's *ſhepherd's week*, in which ſome natural ſtrokes of beautiful ſimplicity and the real pathetic are deſignedly paired in ſo odd a manner with humour and parody, that one is at a loſs whether to take it as jeſt or earneſt—whether to laugh or cry. Indeed this effect is alſo produced in his two dramatic burleſques, the Beggar's

gar's Opera, and What d'ye call it; for how ludicrous ſoever the general character of the piece may be, when he comes ſo near to hanging and ſhooting in good earneſt, the joke ceaſes; and I have obſerved the tolling of St. Pulcre's bell received by an audience with as much tragical attention and ſympathetic terrror as that in Venice preſerved.

No attempt to naturalize paſtoral poetry appears to have ſucceeded better than Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd: it has a conſiderable air of reality, and the deſcriptive parts, in general, are in the genuine taſte of beautiful ſimplicity. Yet the ſentiments and manners are far from being entirely proper to the characters, and while ſome deſcend ſo low as to be diſguſtful, others are elevated far beyond nature. The real character of a Scottiſh or Engliſh ſhepherd is by much too coarſe

for poetry. I ſuſpect Ramſay gains a great advantage among us by writing in the Scotch dialect: this not being familiar to us, and ſcarcely underſtood, ſoftens the harſher parts, and gives a kind of foreign air that eludes the critic's ſeverity. Some writers, in aiming at a natural ſimplicity of ſentiment, have ſunk into fillineſs, and have given their characters not only the innocence, but the weakneſs of a child. In that admirable piece of burleſque criticiſm, the Bathos of Scriblerus, are ſome ludicrous inſtances of puerility of ſentiment and expreſſion from Phillips's paſtorals, and, I confeſs, this fault, to me, appears palpable in a piece which, by being introduced to notice in the Spectator, is univerſally known and admired—I mean the paſtoral ſong of Colin and Phœbe.

THERE is one point in which a paſtoral writer of any country may venture to follow

low nature exactly and with a minute nicety: this is in the ſcenery and deſcription. Natural objects are ſcarcely ever diſguſting, and there is no country ſo unbleſſed as to be unprovided with an ample ſtore of beauties, which muſt ever pleaſe in an accurate repreſentation, independently on all faſhion or peculiarity of taſte. It is unpardonable in a poet to borrow theſe from any fountain but nature herſelf, and hereby he will moſt certainly avoid the miſtakes and incongruity of imagery, which they are ſo apt to fall into who deſcribe from ideas gained by reading rather than obſervation. The preſervation of propriety in this reſpect is of capital importance in deſcription, ſince nothing ſo effectually ruins the beauty of pictureſque ſcenery, as the introduction of any circumſtance which tends to falſify it. It awakens the mind from her dream of fancy, and the "baſeleſs fabric of the viſion" inſtantly va-

niſhes. An ingenious critic has inſtanced this fault from Milton's Comus, where in the ſpirit's addreſs to Sabrina, after very properly wiſhing.

> May thy brimmed waves for this
> Their full tribute never miſs,
> Summer's drought or ſinged air
> Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,

He adds

> May thy billows roll aſhore
> The beryl and the golden ore,
>
> ---
>
> And here and there thy banks along
> With groves of myrrh and cinnamon;

which have no propriety when applied to an Engliſh river. It gives me pleaſure to inſtance the oppoſite beauty. Michael Drayton, an old Engliſh poet, in a paſto-

ral

ral ſong entitled Dowſabel, deſcribes his ſhepherdeſs in the following compariſons.

Her features all as freſh above,
As is the graſſe that grows by Dove,
And lyth as laſſe of Kent:
Her ſkin as ſoft as Lemſter wool,
As white as ſnow on Peakiſh Hull,
Or ſwanne that ſwims in Trent.

He goes on in the ſtory

This mayden in a morn betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get ſweet cetywall;
The honey-ſuckle, the harlocke,
The lily and the lady ſmocke,
To deck her ſummer hall.

It is impoſſible for deſcription to be more lively, or more conſiſtently proper.

That there is ſtill room for novelty in this walk has lately been agreeably ſhown in the paſtorals of Mr. Smith, the land-ſcape painter, which, however unequal and deficient in harmony and correctneſs, have infinitely more merit than Pope's melodious echoes of echo. Mr. Smith's pieces will alſo illuſtrate my former remark, that the manners and ſentiments of our rural vulgar cannot be rendered pleaſing ſubjects for poetry; for where he paints them moſt naturally they are leaſt agreeable.

This then appears to be the rule of taſte for modern paſtoral writers—to be general in character and ſentiment, but particular in deſcription. The poetical ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs are characters of great uniformity; for, the originals having been long extinct, all have copied after the ſame models. The paſſion of love is the eternal

eternal ſource of paſtoral ſentiment, and however various it may be in its nature, all its changes and intricacies muſt ſurely be at length explored, after it has in ſo many ages and countries exerciſed the utmoſt abilities of human genius.

NOTHING therefore remains to produce novelty, but a variation of circumſtances, whether relating to the ſubjects of the paſſion, or the accompanying ſcenery. The paſtoral ſong formed upon the ballad model, is capable of being made the moſt pleaſing piece of the paſtoral kind. The ſimplicity of language gives it an air of nature and reality, though the fictitious character be entirely kept up; and throwing the ſubject into a little tale, gives an opportunity of novelty in deſcription from the variety of incidents. When the ſtory has a tender and mournful turn, the ballad ſimplicity has a peculiarly happy ef-

fect. Perhaps the Engliſh alone, of all the moderns, have known how to unite the moſt perfect ſimplicity with real elegance and poetical expreſſion; and it is to be hoped we ſhall never want taſte to reliſh the beauties of this kind that we are poſſeſſed of. The little collection of ballads and paſtoral ſongs here offered, contains ſome of the ſweeteſt flowers of Engliſh poetry.

BAL-

BALLADS

AND

PASTORAL SONGS.

IT was a friar of orders gray,*
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now

* In the *Reliques of antient Engliſh poetry* Dr. Percy gives us the following ballad, as formed upon a number of detached fragments of antient compoſition, which he has attempted to fill up and throw into a little connected tale. Though his modeſty has induced him to place it among his antique remains, I think it but juſtice to him and to my own collection to place it here as a very judicious and beautiful imitation of the antient ballad; for certainly he has the beſt right to it, ſince the merit of the ſtory is all his own, and the difficulty of interweaving the few antient ſtanzas into it, and ſuiting his own language to them with ſuch judgment, was greater than that of producing an entirely new piece.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy ſhrine
My true love thou did'ſt ſee.

And how ſhould I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and ſtaff,
And by his ſandal ſhoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were ſo fair to view;
His flaxen locks that ſweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he's dead and gone!
Lady he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green graſs turf,
And at his heels a ſtone.

Within theſe holy cloyſters long
He languiſh'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
  Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
  Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
  And art thou dead and gone!
And did'ſt thou die for love of me!
  Break, cruel heart of ſtone!

O weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
  Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
  Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
  My ſorrow now reprove;
For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth,
  That e'er won Lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy ſad loſs
  I'll evermore weep and ſigh;
For thee I only wiſh'd to live,
  For thee I wiſh to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy ſorrow is in vain:
For, violets pluck'd the ſweeteſt ſhowers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt?
Since grief but aggravates thy loſs,
Grieve not for what is paſt.

O ſay not ſo, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, ſay not ſo:
For ſince my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears ſhould flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the roſe,
The com'lieſt youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh

Sigh no more, lady, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on ſea and one on land,
To one thing conſtant never.

Had'ſt thou been fond, he had been falſe,
And left thee ſad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since ſummer trees were leafy.

Now ſay not ſo, thou holy friar,
I pray thee ſay not ſo;
My love he had the trueſt heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didſt thou die for me?
Then farewel home; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will be.

But firſt upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiſs the green-graſs turf,
That wraps his breathleſs clay.

Yet ſtay fair lady; reſt awhile
Beneath this cloyſter wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O ſtay me not, thou holy friar;
O ſtay me not I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can waſh my fault away.

Yet ſtay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry thoſe pearly tears;
For ſee beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeleſs love
Theſe holy weeds I ſought:
And here amid theſe lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet paſs'd away,
Might I ſtill hope to win thy love,
No longer would I ſtay.

Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For ſince I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

PERCY.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hoſpitable ray.

For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my ſon, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here

Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
My door is open ſtill;
And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
My bleſſing and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To ſlaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtranger led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To revels or to reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit 'ſpy'd,
With anſwering cares oppreſt:
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

From better habitations ſpurn'd,
Reluctant doſt thou rove;
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay;
And thoſe that prize the paltry things,
More trifling ſtill than they.

And

And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep;
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The modern fair one's jeſt:
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.

For ſhame, fond youth; thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex, he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd! he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, ſhe cry'd;
Whoſe feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
Companion of her way.

My Father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy Lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd ſuitors came:
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richeſt preſents ſtrove:
Among the reſt young EDWIN bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In

In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine;
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas ſo for me that EDWIN did,
And ſo for him will I.

Forbid it, Heaven! the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas EDWIN's ſelf that preſt.

Turn, ANGELINA, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to ſee,
Thy own, thy long-loſt EDWIN here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No,

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy EDWIN's too.

GOLDSMITH.

OF Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright LUCY was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect a fairer face.

'Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, her damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen the lily pale
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd this ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured ſwains, beware!

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd her wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn-boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke
The maidens weeping round.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.

By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, becauſe the bride
Is twice as rich as I?

Ah,

Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone!
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
And think him all thy own!

To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare:
But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
That LUCY will be there.

Then bear my corſe, ye comrades dear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
I in my winding ſheet!

She ſpoke and dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding ſheet.

Oh! what were perjur'd COLIN's thoughts?
How were thoſe nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept.

Compaſſion,

Compaſſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimſon fled;
When, ſtretch'd beſide her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this place the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen:
With garlands gay, and true love knots
They deck the ſacred green.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed ſpot forbear!
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TICKELL.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghoſt
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But

But love had, like the canker worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake, ſhe cried, thy true-love calls
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refuſed to ſave.

This is the mirk and fearful hour
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my lips were ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is,
This winding ſheet I wear,
And cold and weary laſts our night
Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
That died for love of you.

Now

Now birds did ſing, and morning ſmile
And ſhew her gliſt'ring head;
Pale WILLIAM ſhook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where MARG'RET's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green graſs turf
That wrapp'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARG'RET's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word ſpake never more.

MALLET.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſhful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve

Twelve months are gone and over
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean
And let a lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure
To the loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.

All

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corps ſhe 'ſpied;
Then like a lily drooping
She bow'd her head and died.

GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed SUSAN came on board,
O where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true
If my ſweet WILLIAM ſails among your crew?

WILLIAM, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below;
The cord glides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So

So the ſweet lark high pois'd in air
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy WILLIAM's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O SUSAN, SUSAN, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind,
They'll tell thee, ſailors when away
At every port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely SUE.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty SUSAN mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms
WILLIAM ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from SUSAN's eye.

The boatſwain gives the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſoms ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board,
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu ſhe cries, and waved her lily hand.

GAY.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My CHLOE is unkind.

Why

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
  Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes,
  My CHLOE's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear,
  But CHLOE mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
  Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
  I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis my CHLOE's ſweeter tongue,
  Hark, hark, what ſays my love!

How fooliſh is the nymph, ſhe cries,
  Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
  Our artful lips were made to feign.
O DAPHNIS, DAPHNIS, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
  Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain,
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
DAPHNIS I fear is ever gone;
Laſt night with DELIA's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey,
Ah CHLOE, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing CHLOE lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt in broken words, ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

GAY.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining he cried;
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She would doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folks of the town;
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in gray,
And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah COLIN thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid;
Tho' thro' the wide world we ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant, and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my grave
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While COLIN forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

AS on a ſummer's day,
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as ſhe paſſed by,
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And doſt thou nothing heed
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed?

There's not a ſingle ſwain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull ſwain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear deſert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beſide?

To me thou art more gay
In this homely ruſſet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and ſo ſheen,
Or the brighteſt queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a ſilken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this ſhade
And a ſhepherd all thy own.

ROWE.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains;
Heaven ſhield us all from Cupid's bow!
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame,
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

CLORINDA

CLORINDA came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe;
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien
That made it eaſily foreſeen
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cauſe of all my care;
You eyes ten thouſand dangers dart,
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much ALEXIS have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cried;
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe yonr vows, or ſpeak your pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

PRIOR.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did ſing,
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe,
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents who ſent my love to ſea,
And cruel cruel was the ſhip that bore my love from me,
Yet I love his parents ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

I'll

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roſes, lilies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my love when he returns from ſea,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breaſt,
Or if I were a nightingale to ſing my love to reſt!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward ſhould be;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might ſpy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er ſhall ſee,
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern clouds were lined with gold,
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;

When

When in the ſilence of the grove
Poor DAMON thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold:
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth,
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove?
But I am ſcorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy?—who have but love.

Then, MARY, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
But MARY's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing roſe
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe
Such beauty and pleaſure can yield.

The

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thruſh;
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove
With muſic enchant every buſh.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does MARY not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say charmer where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous EMMA flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains;
That ſun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art,
And from whoſe eyes ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliſs,
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who like envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at laſt,
He ſternly diſapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove;
His heart which durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And w ary'd heav'n with fruitleſs pray'rs,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

'Tis paſt, he cry'd, but, if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt falling o'er the primroſe pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what EMMA came to ſay
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd,
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door;
He's gone, ſhe cry'd, and I ſhall ſee
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide:
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artleſs bower
Soft warbled STREPHON's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While NANCY's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſhood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale:
And every bleſſing find its way
To NANCY of the vale.

'Twas

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water lily ſprung
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerleſs bud I found,
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline;
Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I theſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

SHENSTONE.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home:
Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor;
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt,
Whilſt thrown off my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes, ſhe ſweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected and great ones denied,
Yet take me, fond ſhepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms,

I kiſs'd

I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if on the banks, by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
And mark out new themes for my Muſe.
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire.
And ſhepherds have named her—CONTENT.

CUNNINGHAM.

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in Four Parts.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow

Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewel.

Since PHYLLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before:
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?

Oh!

Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be ſo,
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep?
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.

Oh

Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;

That

That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!

In

In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is be-ſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
O PHYLLIS, he whiſpers, more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhow'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;

Then the violets die with deſpight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair and my paſſion begun;

She ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought,
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire:
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.

Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flower, the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs and I am undone!

SHENSTONE.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
And ſee our lov'd CORYDON laid:
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In ſooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your maſter bemoan:
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.
No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges ſo vocal before)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

His PHYLLIS was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my CORYDON's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

CUNNINGHAM.

III.

ESSAY

ON

PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE

SONGS.

THE poet's rapturous deſcriptions of beauty, with the expreſſion of his warm ſenſations and emotions, are the ſubjects of this claſs of ſong-writing.

ITS models exiſt in the claſſical remains

of Lyric poetry, and all the praiſe the moderns can here expect, muſt ariſe from imitating with ſucceſs theſe examples of perfection.

The ſublime and beautiful of nature, were firſt combined with the elegance and refinement of art, by the Grecians: and this ſuperiority in their poetry, and the other fine arts, entitled them to diſtinguiſh the reſt of the world from themſelves, as Barbarians. Their Roman conquerors, firſt by their arms, and then by their borrowed arts, obtained a ſhare in the honourable excluſion. Among theſe people, even ſimple nature was graceful, and ornament was elegant and magnificent. Glaring ſplendor reigned in the Eaſt, and terrible ſublimity in the North, but grace and dignity belonged to Greece and Rome alone. Fancy, in her wildeſt flights, could in them reſtrain herſelf within the limits of harmony

harmony and proportion. Even ſuperſtition here wore a graceful aſpect. While the Deities of other nations were preſent to their minds in the horrid forms of cruel rage and gigantic deformity, they gave divinity to the ſublime and beautiful conceptions of their poets and painters. Theſe they embodied with ſuitable ſymbols and attributes; and the enthuſiaſtic votary worſhipped the God of his own enraptured imagination. There is no circumſtance in which the genius of theſe people ſhows itſelf more ſtrongly than in the character of theſe fancy-formed divinities. Beſides thoſe particularly diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Graces*, there were many whoſe attributes expreſſed the different ſhades and variations of whatever is elegant and graceful. Their *Venus* was the abſtract idea of all theſe united—ſhe was grace and beauty itſelf, and parent of every thing *lætum et amabile*—gladſome and

and lovely. With the charming image of this ideal excellence in their minds, the poets of Greece and Rome ſelected every pleaſing object from the whole compaſs of nature, and carefully ſeparated them from every thing diſguſtful and incongruous. From a croud of ſurrounding images they knew how to chooſe ſuch as were not only intrinſically beautiful, but ſuitable to their ſubject; and they knew when to drop all ornament, and recur to ſimple nature. They diſtinguiſhed with the niceſt judgment between the purpoſes of elevating the fancy, and intereſting the heart, and could give full force to each, without confounding and mixing their effects.

In the ſpecies of Lyric poetry which we are now to conſider, both theſe deſigns have their place. The poetical deſcription of a fair form requires the compariſon of every kindred object of delight, and the richeſt

richeſt colouring that art can beſtow. The expreſſion of emotions, on the other hand, muſt be conducted upon a ſimple plan; the feelings of the ſoul muſt declare themſelves in artleſs touches of nature and the real ſymptoms of paſſion; and the poet's hand muſt only appear in the delicacy of his ſtrokes, and the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſification.

SAPPHO, the genuine favourite of Venus, has given us a perfect model of the *paſſionate* ſong. She poured forth her whole ſoul in thoſe amorous odes, of which time has indeed left us very ſcanty remains, but ſuch as will ever be the fineſt examples of elegance and ſenſibility. The joyous Anacreon ſucceeded, but with a different turn of ſentiment. His lyre was tuned rather to gaiety than tenderneſs, and his Venus was rather the eaſy companion of a bacchanalian, than the object of delicate

and

and refined emotions. In Horace, the paſſionate warmth of Sappho, the eaſy gaiety of Anacreon, and a ſuperior ſtrain of fancy and poetical enthuſiaſm proper to himſelf, are united; but on the whole, he is leſs frequently tender, than gay, or ſublime. Among the Romans, the elegiac poets chiefly excelled in the natural and ſimple pathetic, and Tibullus is the pureſt example of this kind of writing. His flowing, elegant, and unadorned ſtyle, ſweetly correſponds with the tender ſentiments of complaining love, and ſome of the moſt affecting touches of nature that ever were expreſſed, have dropt from his pen. Ovid, though thoroughly acquainted with the paſſion of love, and abounding with warm and natural deſcriptions of it, was in general too much under the dominion of a lively fancy, and too fond of brilliant expreſſion, to be long a pathetic writer. If he had compoſed in the Lyric form,

form, his pieces would have reſembled our next claſs of *witty and ingenious ſongs*, more nearly than thoſe of any antient Lyric poet.

THE following ſongs of the *paſſionate* and *deſcriptive* kind, reſemble in various degrees the antient maſters above-mentioned.

THERE are many imitations of the Sapphic ode, in its warm deſcriptions of the external ſymptoms of love. Beſides that piece of Dr. Smollet's, which is only a variation of Sappho's famous ode, I would particularly point out

"Ah the ſhepherd's mournful fate"

as a near copy from this model.

HORACE, a poet the moſt familiar to a ſcholar of all the antients, has been imi-

tated

tated in ſeveral ſongs. Theſe are ſuch as in common language would be peculiarly entitled odes, from their high ſtrain of fancy and poetical diction. That of Prior,

"If wine and muſic have the power"

may be marked as truly Horatian.

The ſimple pathetic of Tibullus and the writers of elegy, is moſt ſweetly manifeſted in that charming ſong of Dr. Percy's,

"O Nancy wilt thou go with me"

which has ſcarcely its equal for real tenderneſs in this or any other language.

Other reſemblances might be pointed out, but I imagine it is unneceſſary to go farther. What has been already obſerved may ſerve to put a reader of taſte upon remarking thoſe niceties of compoſition, and

and delicate variations, which he might otherwiſe have paſſed over; and I would not anticipate the pleaſure he will receive from his own diſcoveries of this kind. An ample ſtore of beauties lies open for his inſpection, and he will probably find reaſon to flatter himſelf, that in this ſpecies of poetry, as well as in every other, the Engliſh follow the claſſic antients with a bold and vigorous ſtep, and ſtrain hard for the palm of victory.

PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE SONGS.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,*
The youth that fondly ſits by thee;
And ſees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My

* THOUGH it may ſeem irregular to begin a collection of *Engliſh ſongs* with an ode of Sappho, yet I am tempted to do it on account of the excellence of the tranſlation, which has almoſt the merit of an original, and that the reader may have ſo nearly in his view a pattern of perfection with which he may compare the reſt.

My boſom glow'd, a ſubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and died away.

PHILLIPS.

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love;
I feel the ſoft reſiſtleſs flame
Glide ſwift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my boſom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of tranſport whelm my ſoul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In ſoothing numbers to complain;

My tongue ſome ſecret magic ties,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SMOLLETT.

AH! the ſhepherd's mournful fate!
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling thro' my eyes
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So artfully beguiling!
Thy every look, and every grace
So charms whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chaſe
Still will my hopes purſue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are paſt
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

HAMILTON.

GO, tell AMYNTA, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine:
For ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

A ſigh, or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
For ah! the wretch that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

DRYDEN.

YES, faireſt proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart;
Nature points this my fatal hour;
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

While now I take my laſt adieu
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear,
Leſt yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From

From jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed;
That nothing may diſturb thy life
Content I haſten to the dead.

Yet when ſome better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus perſiſts to love thee.

PRIOR.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe which I ſuſtain
From ſlighted vows and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe;
That, thrown again upon the coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows and cold diſdain.

PRIOR.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;

And

And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

Thus DELIA, thus I paint the ſcene
When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die and think you mine.

LYTTELTON.

IF wine and muſic have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul,
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.

Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my CHLOE's abſence light,
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return;
Venus be thou to-morrow great,
Thy myrtles ſtrew, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in ſtate,
Kind Goddeſs, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own;
The darling Loves ſhall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

PRIOR.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

Whene'er

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove,
Tell me my heart if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, the ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

LYTTELTON.

AH! why muſt words my flame reveal?
Why needs my DAMON bid me tell,
What all my actions prove?
A bluſh whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name, a ſigh
Betrays my ſecret love.

In all their ſports upon the plain
Mine eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The reſt unheeded dance or play,
From all he ſteals my praiſe away,
And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confeſs
The joys that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
And every care remove;
Still, ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
The moments fly too faſt away,
Too faſt for my fond love.

Does any ſpeak in DAMON's praiſe,
So pleas'd am I with all he ſays,
I every word approve;
But is he blam'd, although in jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my breaſt,
Alas! becauſe I love.

But ah! what tortures tear my heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart
The leaſt deſire to rove!
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I ſtrive in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

Then aſk not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my bluſhes, truſt my ſighs,
My paſſion theſe will prove;
Words oft deceive and ſpring from art,
The true expreſſions of my heart
To DAMON, muſt be love.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be
That boaſts to love as well as me,

And

And if thy breaſt have felt ſo wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true paſſion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
To live upon a ſmile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
To kneel, to languiſh and implore,
And ſtill tho' ſhe diſdain, adore;
It is to do all this and think thy ſufferings ſweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond ſurprize,
Yet temper'd with ſuch chaſte and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor muſt one ruder thought preſume
Tho' but in whiſpers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were loſt,
Tho' heaven and earth thy paſſion croſt;
Tho' ſhe were bright as ſainted queens above,
And thou the leaſt and meaneſt ſwain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'ſt not hope, thou doſt not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurſe ſtrange doubts and groundleſs fears;
If pangs of jealouſy thou haſt not prov'd,
Tho' ſhe were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou haſt lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou doſt not ſeek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleaſing trance of tender woe;
And muſe, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou doſt not love, for love is nouriſh'd ſo.

If any hopes thy boſom ſhare
But thoſe which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breaſt enthrall,
Thou never yet his power haſt known;
Love ſits on a deſpotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art ſo loſt a thing,
Here all thy tender ſorrows bring,
And prove whoſe patience longeſt can endure;

We'll

We'll ſtrive whoſe fancy ſhall be loſt
In dreams of fondeſt paſſion moſt,
For if thou thus haſt lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

IF ever thou didſt joy to bind
Two hearts in equal paſſion join'd,
O ſon of Venus! hear me now,
And bid FLORELLA bleſs my vow.

If any bliſs reſerv'd for me
Thou in the leaves of fate ſhould'ſt ſee,
If any white propitious hour,
Pregnant with hoarded joys in ſtore;

Now, now the mighty treaſure give,
In her for whom alone I live;
In ſterling love pay all the ſum,
And I'll abſolve the fates to come.

In

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms;
Her boſom touch with ſoft deſires,
And let her feel what ſhe inſpires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If ſtill with cold averted eyes
She daſh my hopes, and ſcorn my ſighs;

O! grant ('tis all I aſk of thee)
That I no more may change than ſhe;
But ſtill with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languiſh,
Think not time can heal my anguiſh,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

AS near a weeping ſpring reclin'd,
The beauteous ARAMINTA pin'd,
And mourn'd a falſe ungrateful youth;
While dying echoes caught the ſound,
And ſpread the ſoft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth;

An aged ſhepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindeſt tone
Addreſs'd the loſt deſpairing maid;
Ceaſe, ceaſe, unhappy fair, to grieve,
For ſounds, tho' ſweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

Why ſhouldſt thou waſte ſuch precious ſhowers,
That fall like dew on wither'd flowers,
But dying paſſion ne'er reſtor'd;
In beauty's empire is no mean,
And woman, either ſlave or queen,
Is quickly ſcorn'd when not ador'd.

Thoſe

Thoſe liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an eaſtern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitleſs fall;
No art the ſeaſon can renew
When love was young, and DAMON true,
No tears a wandering heart recall.

Ceaſe, ceaſe to grieve, thy tears are vain,
Should thoſe fair orbs in drops of rain
Vie with a weeping ſouthern ſky;
For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
All nature yields but one relief;
Die, hapleſs ARAMINTA, die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's ſake let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt power to try
Nor further urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

Could all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you uſe that very power
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of ſpotleſs fame.

Reſolve not then to do an ill
Becauſe perhaps you may,
But rather uſe your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend and not purſue,
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard
To ſtrive with love and you.

SOAME JENYNS.

STREPHON when you ſee me fly
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often ſhy
Out of love as out of hate;
When from you I fly away,
It is becauſe I dare not ſtay.

Did I out of hatred run
Leſs you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love, to ſhun,
Who can ſuch a trial bear?
Who that ſuch a ſwain did ſee
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands me ſtay;
Duty's ſtill to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid ſmiles,
That defends, and this beguiles,

Ever by theſe cryſtal ſtreams
I could ſit and hear thee ſigh,
Raviſh'd with theſe pleaſing dreams
O 'tis worſe than death to fly:
But the danger is ſo great
Fear gives wings, inſtead of hate.

STREPHON, if you love me, leave me,
If you ſtay I am undone;
Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
Pri'thee charming ſwain be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we ſhould part,
That has my vows, but you my heart.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee graceful move
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breaſt?
Say, ſoft confuſion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewel reſt!

Since

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
  Tho' hopeleſs of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold deſpair,
  But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle ſmiles aſſwage the pain
  Thoſe gentle ſmiles did firſt create;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
  In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

NOW ſee *my* Goddeſs, earthly born.*
  With ſmiling looks, and ſparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that ſhames the morn
New riſen in the eaſtern ſkies!

Furniſh'd from nature's boundleſs ſtore,
And one of pleaſure's laughing train,

* THIS Song is deſigned as a CONTRAST to an Addreſs to WISDOM.

Stranger to all the wiſe explore,
She proves all far-ſought knowledge vain.

Untaught as Venus, when ſhe found
Herſelf firſt floating on the ſea,
And laughing begg'd the Tritons round
For ſhame to look ſome other way.

And unaccompliſh'd all as Eve
In the firſt morning of her life,
When Adam bluſh'd, and aſk'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her wife,

Yet there is ſomething in her face,
Tho' ſhe's unread in Plato's lore,
Might bring e'en Plato to diſgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before.

And there is magic in her eye,
Tho' ſhe's unſkill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted ſky,
Would draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words that ſhe can ſpeak,
Moſt eaſy to be underſtood,

More ſweet than all the Heathen Greek
By Helen ſpoke, when Paris woo'd.

And ſhe has raptures in her pow'r,
More worth than all the flatt'ring claim
Of learning's unſubſtantial dow'r,
In preſent praiſe or future fame.

Let me but kiſs her ſoft warm hand,
And let me whiſper in her ear
What Knowledge would not underſtand,
And Wiſdom would diſdain to hear.

And let her liſten to my tale,
And let one ſmiling bluſh ariſe,
Bleſt omen that my vows prevail!
I'll ſcorn the ſcorn of all the wiſe.

'TIS not the liquid brightneſs of thoſe eyes,
That ſwim with pleaſure and delight;

Nor thoſe fair heavenly arches which ariſe
O'er each of them to ſhade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now ſtraying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with inſidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new ſhorn ſheep, equal and fair;
Nor even that gentle ſmile, the heart's delight,
With which no ſmile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin ſo round, that neck ſo fine,
Thoſe breaſts that ſwell to meet my love;
That eaſy ſloping waiſt, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's fineſt pencil wrought,
To ſhame the freſh blown roſe, and blooming peach,
And mock the happieſt painters thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly anſwering my deſire;
That grace with which you look, and ſpeak, and move,
That thus have ſet my ſoul on fire.

HAIL to the myrtle ſhade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields!
Kings would not here invade
The pleaſure that virtue yields.
Beauty here opens her arms;
To ſoften the languiſhing mind,
And PHYLLIS unlocks her charms;
Ah PHYLLIS! oh why ſo unkind?

PHYLLIS, thou ſoul of love,
Thou joy of the neighbouring ſwains;
PHYLLIS, that crowns the grove,
And PHYLLIS that gilds the plains;
PHYLLIS, that ne'er had the ſkill
To paint, to patch and be fine,
Yet PHYLLIS whoſe eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

PHYLLIS, whoſe charming ſong
Makes labour and pains a delight;

PHYLLIS,

PHYLLIS, that makes the day young,
And ſhortens the live-long night;
PHYLLIS, whoſe lips like May
Still laugh at the ſweets they bring;
Where love never knows decay,
But ſits with eternal ſpring.

LEE.

WAFT me ſome ſoft and cooling breeze
To Windſor's ſhady kind retreat,
Where ſylvan ſcenes, wide ſpreading trees
Repel the raging dog-ſtar's heat.

Where tufted graſs, and moſſy beds
Afford a rural calm repoſe;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy Thames that flows faſt by
Along the ſmiling valley plays;
His glaſſy ſurface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows ſtrays.

His

His fertile banks with herbage green
His vales with ſmiling plenty ſwell;
Where'er his purer ſtream is ſeen
The Gods of health and pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing boſom lave
And ſtem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me with damaſk roſes crown'd
Beneath ſome oſier's duſky ſhade,
Where water lilies paint the ground
And bubbling ſprings refreſh the glade.

Let chaſte CLARINDA too be there
With azure mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye nymphs bind up her ſilken hair;
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting breaſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

LANSDOWN.

WHILE in the bower with beauty bleſt
The lov'd AMINTOR lies,
While ſinking on ZELINDA's breaſt
He fondly kiſs'd her eyes;

A waking nightingale who long
Had mourn'd within the ſhade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive ſong
And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious ſongſtreſs, cried the ſwain,
To ſhades leſs happy go,
Or if with us thou wilt remain
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in ZELINDA's arms I lie
To ſong I am not free;
On her ſoft boſom while I ſigh
I diſcord find in thee.

ZELINDA

ZELINDA gives me perfect joys;
Then ceaſe thy fond intruſion;
Be ſilent; muſic now is noiſe,
Variety, confuſion.

WHEN SAPPHO tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain
The liſtning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung.

For while ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire
The eager breaſt was all on fire;
And when ſhe join'd the vocal lay
The captive ſoul was charm'd away.

But had ſhe added ſtill to theſe
Thy ſofter, chaſter, power to pleaſe;
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth;

She

She ne'er had pin'd beneath diſdain,
She ne'er had play'd and ſung in vain;
Deſpair had ne'er her ſoul poſſeſt
To daſh on rocks the tender breaſt.

SMOLLETT.

GO plaintive ſounds! and to the fair
My ſecret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But ſhe, methinks, is liſt'ning now
To ſome enchanting ſtrain;
The ſmile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive ſounds! yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine;
Let that gay minute paſs away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive ſounds! no longer croſt,
Your grief ſhall ſoon be o'er;
Her cheek, undimpled now, has loſt
The ſmile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive ſounds! ſhe now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Eſſay to ſoften all her powers,
And be that ſoftneſs, love.

Ceaſe, plaintive ſounds! your taſk is done;
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conqueſt won;
I ſee you melting there.

Return, ye ſmiles, return again,
Return each ſprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward ſhew amiſs,
Rove where you will, her eyes;
Still let her ſmiles each ſhepherd bleſs,
So ſhe but hear my ſighs.

HAMILTON.

WHEN charming TERAMINTA ſings,
Each new air new paſſion brings;
Now I reſolve, and now I fear;
Now I triumph, now deſpair;
Frolic now, now faint I grow;
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
The panting zephyrs round her play,
And trembling on her lips would ſtay;

Now would liſten, now would kiſs
Trembling with divided bliſs;
Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
And in low pleaſing murmurs die.
Nor do I aſk that ſhe would give
By ſome new note, the pow'r to live;
I would, expiring with the ſound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart,
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me:
But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day aſunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Wounding pleaſures, killing bliſſes,
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kiſſes;
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day aſunder.

ROCHESTER.

LET the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noiſe,
Whilſt greater love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great
And the world think 'em wiſe,
Whilſt I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world deſpiſe.

Let conquering kings new trophies raiſe,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

DORSET.

FROM all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented, I had been too bleſt
If love and you had let me reſt:
Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worſt of harms,
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

SHEFFIELD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

OFT on the troubled ocean's face
Loud ſtormy winds ariſe;
The murmurings ſurges ſwell apace,
And clouds obſcure the ſkies.

But when the tempeſt's rage is o'er,
Soft breezes ſmooth the main;
The billows ceaſe to laſh the ſhore,
And all is calm again.

Not ſo in fond and amorous ſouls
If tyrant love once reigns,
There one eternal tempeſt rolls
And yields unceaſing pains.

FLY, thoughtleſs youth, th' enchantreſs fly!*
To other climes direct thy way;
Let honours plume attract thine eye,
Nor waſte in indolence the day:
She nor regards thy ſighs or tears,
She triumphs in thy jealous fears,
And would rejoice to blaſt the bloſſom of thy years.

Yet

* THIS piece is taken from a late publication entitled *Sentimental Tales*, in which the loves of CATULLUS and LESBIA are formed into a fictitious ſtory, intermixed with ſeveral poetical tranſlations and imitations from Catullus's Works.--- This however ſeems entirely original.

Yet yonder myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
Where ſparkling winds the cryſtal rill,
Has ſeen this falſe, this cruel maid,
Fond as her wanton lover's will:
Has ſeen thee on her breaſt reclin'd,
Has ſeen her arms around thee twin'd,
While with careſſes ſweet ſhe woo'd thee to be kind.

But ſince no more th' inconſtant fair
Will liſten to thy tender vow,
Let nobler objects claim thy care,
And bid the faithleſs maid adieu.
Adieu, falſe beauty! hence no more
CATULLUS will thy ſmile implore,
To ſhun thy hated charms he ſeeks a foreign ſhore.

Him thou wilt mourn, when ſure decay
Shall rob that form of every grace;
And for each charm it ſteals away,
Shall add a wrinkle to that face:
No lover then for thee will ſigh,
Or read the glances of thine eye,
Or on thy once lov'd breaſt in amorous tranſports die.

Alas CATULLUS! you in vain
Would ſpurn imperial beauty's ſway;

Faſt bound in Venus' magic chain,
Soon will each rebel wiſh decay:
Ev'n now, ſhould LESBIA hither move
In her accuſtom'd looks of love,
How weak, how feeble all thy ſtrong reſolves would prove.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolved to part,
When I approach the perjur'd maid
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With the leaſt glance a little kind
Such wond'rous power have MYRA's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

LANDSDOWN.

COME all ye youths whoſe hearts e'er bled,
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his ſorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt tales of love;
And ſee, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happieſt mortal once was I,
My heart no ſorrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But aſk not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heaven whoſe ſtamp ſhe bears,
Think of my fate, and ſhun her ſnares.

OTWAY.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad AMINTA ſigh'd alone:
From the cheerleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her moan;
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
DAMON, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover,
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
DAMON was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
DAMON liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and DAMON are no more!

DRYDEN.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor COLIN went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet ſtream, he cry'd, ſadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
All reſtleſs and painful my CELIA now lies,
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye ſoft ſlumbers repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;

Let

Let me be left reſtleſs, mine eyes never cloſe,
So the ſleep that I loſe give my dear one repoſe.
Sweet ſtream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your ſoft murmurs may lull her to ſleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loſs of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy COLIN and thee ſhall betide,
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd down by thy cold ſide.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to loſe thyſelf haſte,
Bear this to my willow; this verſe is my laſt.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

ROWE.

TO fair FIDELE's graſſy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flow'rs
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chaſe upon the plain
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's ſelf be dead.

COLLINS.

WHEN here LUCINDA firſt we came
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How blithe the nymphs, the ſwains how gay,
Content inſpir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung,
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the ſweets of Arno's vale.

But now ſince good PALÆMON died,
The chief of ſhepherds and the pride,
Old Arno's ſons muſt all give place
To northern ſwains, an iron race.
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy notes LUCINDA pleaſe no more,
The Muſes droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the ſweets of Arno's vale.

DORSET.

WHEN lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can ſooth her melancholy?
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom, is—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

TELL my STREPHON that I die;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To STREPHON's ear, and all is well.

But

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And ſoften every harſher ſound,
For STREPHON's ſuch a tender youth,
The ſofteſt words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb;
For ſhould I coſt my ſwain a tear,
I ſhould repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my reſt ſo dear.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
With downcaſt eyes, a ſilent ſhade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To ſpeak, till ſpoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my ſecret grief,
My ſoft conſenting looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no relief;
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

STEEL.

THERE is one dark and ſullen hour,
Which fate decrees our lives ſhould know,
Elſe we ſhould ſlight th' Almighty power,
Wrapt in the joys we find below:
'Tis paſt, dear CYNTHIA, now let frowns begone,
A long, long pennance I have done
For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each ſoft hour of ſilent night
Your image in my dream appears;
I graſp the ſoul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithleſs charming ſaint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you
Lov'd leſs for being true.

FAIR, and ſoft, and gay, and young,
All charm! ſhe play'd, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung,
There

There was no way to 'ſcape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet deſpairing e'er
To have her to myſelf alone)
Was ſo much ſweetneſs made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in ſoft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to expreſs,
My joys could but be known by gueſs!
Ah! fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She ſunk into another's arms.
But ſhe that once could faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for one.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, PHYLLIS, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven 'twould be!
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But, ah! you're an angel to me.

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waiſt
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go.

That arm, like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they could preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I muſt feel your diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

YE ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your ſports and attend to my ſtrain;
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true
Was ne'er ſo undone with ſuch bliſs in his view.

Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
She ſmiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my ſighs.

A boſom

A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air,
Inſpires me with hope, and yet bids me deſpair.

I fall at her feet and implore her with tears;
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears:
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief
My trembling lips bleſs her in ſpite of my grief.

By night, when I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh, and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe could love whom ſhe cannot admire:
Huſh all thy complaining, and dying her ſlave
Commend her to heaven, and thyſelf to the grave.

HAMILTON.

YE happy ſwains whoſe hearts are free
From love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me
T' avoid th' inchanting pain;

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to bloſſoms prove,
To careleſs ſeamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair ſex if bliſs you prize,
The ſnake's beneath the flower;
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes
That taſted quiet more?
How faithleſs is the lover's joy!
How conſtant is their care!
The kind with falſhood do deſtroy,
The cruel with deſpair.

ETHERIDGE.

WHEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart.
When your love runs in bluſhes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But yet be a woman to you.

PARNEL.

AS AMORET with PHILLIS ſat
One evening on the plain,
And ſaw the gentle STREPHON wait
To tell the nymph his pain,
The threatning danger to remove,
She whiſper'd in her ear,

Ah PHILLIS! if you would love,
That ſhepherd do not hear.

None even had ſo ſtrange an art
His paſſion to convey
Into a liſtning virgin's heart,
And ſteal her ſoul away.
Fly, fly betimes for fear you give
Occaſion for your fate,
In vain ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive;
Alas! 'tis now too late.

CAN love be controul'd by advice,
Can madneſs and reaſon agree?
O MOLLY, who'd ever be wiſe,
If madneſs is loving of thee?
Let ſages pretend to deſpiſe
The joys they want ſpirits to taſte,
Let us ſeize old time as he flies,
And the bleſſings of life while they laſt.

Dull

Dull wiſdom but adds to our cares;
Briſk love will improve ev'ry joy,
Too ſoon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.
Then MOLLY, for what ſhould we ſtay
Till our beſt blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

MORTALS, learn your lives to meaſure
Not by length of time, but pleaſure;
Now the hours invite, comply;
While you idly pauſe, they fly:
Bleſt, a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to meaſure
Not by length of time, but pleaſure;
Soon your ſpring muſt have a fall;
Loſing youth, is loſing all:
Then you'll aſk, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

BID me when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow,
When from my head, a ſcanty ſtore,
Lankly the wither'd treſſes flow;
When the warm tide, that bold and ſtrong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and ſlow ſcarce creeps along,
Then bid me court ſobriety.

Nature who form'd the varied ſcene
Of rage and calm, of froſt and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean,
That age ſhould reaſon, youth deſire.
Shall then that rebel man, preſume
(Inverting nature's law) to ſeize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impoſſibilities?

No—let me waſte the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild exceſs,

In

In revel ſport and laughter gay
And mirth, and roſy chearfulneſs;
Woman, the ſoul of all delights,
And wine the aid of love be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And every ſhe that's kind is fair.

TELL me not I my time miſpend,
'Tis time loſt to reprove me;
Purſue thou thine, I have my end,
So CHLORIS only love me.

Tell me not others' flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them deſpiſe me
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So CHLORIS only prize me.

Tire others' eaſier ears with theſe
Unappertaining ſtories;

He

He never feels the world's diſeaſe
  Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiſer art,
  Whoſe thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
  And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
  That ſeeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd ſhades to ſit,
  And ſing of CHLORIS' eyes.

EATON.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent,
  To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
  Love throws in vain his dart.

Let

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty ſhould have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay;
A thouſand worlds too few.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah CELIA! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

LANSDOWN.

FOREVER, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

Bid

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other wiſhes I reſign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

CARTER.

YOUNG I am and yet unſkill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take

Take me, take me ſome of you
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my ſoul diſguiſe,
Heave my breaſts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray;
He that has me firſt, is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Briſk, and of a janty mien,
I ſhould long to be fifteen.

SAY not, OLINDA, I deſpiſe
The faded glories of your face,
The languiſhed vigour of your eyes,
And that once only-lov'd embrace.

In

In vain, in vain, my conſtant heart
On aged wings, attempts to meet,
With wonted ſpeed, thoſe flames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your feet,

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties ſtill,
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams diſplay,
There you may cheriſh with your heat,
And riſe the ſun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you ſet.

DEAR CHLOE while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain;
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:

Your maxim that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The paſſion from beauty firſt drawn
Your kindneſs will vaſtly improve;
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the ſunſhine of love:
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his ſide
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;
Together they totter about
And ſit in the ſun at the door,
And at night when old DARBY's pot's out
His JOAN will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they poſſeſs
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother,

Then

Then what are the charms can you gueſs
  That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
  The endearments that love did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
  The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Theſe traces forever will laſt
  Which ſickneſs nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
  And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
  By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe,
And the current of fondneſs ſtill flows
  Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

AWAY, let nought to love diſpleaſing
  My WINIFREDA move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
  Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy care.

What

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give,
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name while virtue thus we tender
Shall ſweetly ſound where'er 'tis ſpoke,
And all the great ones much ſhall wonder
How they admire ſuch little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures
Whilſt round my knees they fondly clung,
To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear 'em liſp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time tranſported
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

GILBERT COOPER.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town:
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say can'ſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O NANCY!

O NANCY! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say can'ſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?
O can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear,
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O NANCY! canſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of woe?
Say ſhould diſeaſe or pain befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care,
Nor wiſtful thoſe gay ſcenes recal
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And cheer with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathleſs clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear;
Nor *then* regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

IV.

ESSAY

ON

INGENIOUS AND WITTY

SONGS.

THERE is no product of mental cultivation for which we are ſo little indebted to the antients, as *wit*. This has been obſerved in a former Eſſay to be the lateſt growth of the mind; and the antients

antients had ſcarcely attained to it, before the deluge of gothic barbarity broke in, and ſwept away all the tender plants of literary genius.

THOUGH ſome of their early writers carried ſublimity and beauty to their higheſt perfection, yet were they in general utterly devoid of a juſt taſte for that elegant and delightful artifice of compoſition termed wit, and their attempts in it were to the higheſt degree coarſe and unpoliſhed. Ovid had a brilliancy and artificial turn of fancy, which frequently produced true wit, but more frequently that falſe glitter which is only its counterfeit. Martial advanced ſo far as to give perfect models of his particular branch of wit, the epigrammatic; yet a prevailing number of faulty pieces demonſtrates that he was void of judgment to diſtinguiſh the moſt excellent parts of a faculty which he poſſeſſed.

By the Lyric poets wit appears to have been quite unknown or diſregarded. Anacreon and Horace, have indeed a gaiety and ſmartneſs of ſentiment, but extremely different from the turn of thought in ſuch modern pieces as we ſhall include in the preſent claſs.

A TASTE for true wit ſoon followed the revival of learning and the fine arts in Europe; for, modern literature being founded upon the claſſical remains of antiquity, had not a tedious gradation to go through, but acquired immediate refinement; and genius awaking from her long ſlumber, ſeemed to proceed towards perfection as if ſhe had never been interrupted. Italy, where the arts had been entombed, firſt felt the genial warmth of their revival. Every elegant production there ſhone forth with its wonted luſtre; and wit, peculiarly favoured by the tem-

per

per of the inhabitants, flouriſhed more extenſively and with greater brilliancy than it had ever done. From thence it made excurſions into Spain and France, and came late, but in full vigour and maturity into England. After having in time refined itſelf from the debaſing mixture of quibble and conceit, it became ſo univerſally admired and ſought after, that a conſiderable period of Engliſh genius may be diſtinguiſhed by the title of the witty æra. During this period, the dominion of wit was ſo extenſive, that it uſurped a place in ſeveral compoſitions where its preſence was altogether improper, and foreign to the purpoſe; this however does not appear to be the caſe with reſpect to its alliance with the Lyric muſe, whoſe verſatility of character is ſuch, that ſhe is capable of adapting herſelf to the ſprightly and ludicrous, equally with the tender and pathetic.

VARIOUS writers have attempted to give a definition of wit, but like moſt of the qualities of thought, it is more eaſily deſcribed, and pointed out by inſtances, than defined. Opinion has conſiderably varied concerning the proper application of this term; for while our oldeſt authors uſe it to ſignify knowledge and good ſenſe in general, the ſucceeding reſtrain it to what is called *fine writing*, and its more modern ſignification is ſtill farther limited. *Fine writing* has been ingeniouſly defined to conſiſt of *thoughts, natural, but not obvious*; the effects of which are, that beſides the emotions or ſenſations excited by their particular nature, they alſo occaſion a degree of pleaſing ſurprize at their uncommonneſs. Surprize is alſo the effect which characteriſes wit; but in this it is ſo much more the object, that ſcarcely any other effect, except what ſecondarily reſults from it, is produced. The thought therefore is neither

ther obvious nor natural, but entirely artificial.

The beſt definition of wit I take to be that of Locke and Addiſon, thus contracted by Lord Kaims: *A junction of things by diſtant and fanciful relations, which ſurprize becauſe they are unexpected.*

The figures of *compariſon*, ſimile, alluſion, metaphor and allegory, being the moſt obvious means of junction between different objects, will, from this definition, appear to be the chief ſources of wit. Compariſon is uſed for various purpoſes. It is employed in grave and didactic ſubjects for the ſake of illuſtration. In ſublime and pathetic poetry it is uſed to elevate and adorn, and like a reflected light to redouble the effect of the ſimple object. For both theſe purpoſes it is evident, that the more complete the reſemblance is, be-

tween

tween the object of compariſon and thing compared, the more perfectly the intention is anſwered. The mind is pleaſed at diſcovering a number of concurring circumſtances; and by minutely touching upon ſimilar parts in both objects, the emotion is heightened. This is finely exemplified by that beautiful ſimile in Virgil, where the lamentation of Orpheus for the loſs of his Eurydice is compared to that of a nightingale robbed of its young. The thought itſelf, though beautiful, is nothing new or uncommon; but the poet's ſkill and judgment is ſhewn in particularizing, with a minuteneſs of deſcription, ſuch circumſtances of the compared object as ſweetly correſpond with the pathetic turn of the original ſtory.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur foetus, quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet

Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & moeſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Georgic. IV.

As in ſome poplar ſhade the nightingale,
With piercing moans does her loſt young bewail,
Which the rough hind, obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy neſt, had ſtol'n away:
But ſhe in mournful ſounds does ſtill complain
Sings all the night, tho' all her ſongs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable ſtrain.

Lee's Theodoſius.

When compariſon is employed as the ſource of wit, its excellence lies in ſuch oppoſite qualities, that the more diſſimilar the objects are in general circumſtances, the more ſtrongly do they promote that effect, which as the definition imports, proceeds from the *junction of things by diſ-*

tant

tant and fanciful relations. Thus in the following ſimile from Hudibras,

> Now like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
> From black to red began to turn.

the total diſſimilarity of the objects in every circumſtance, except that which brings them forcibly together, raiſes the higheſt degree of ſurprize.

For this reaſon, contraſt joined to compariſon perfects the idea of wit: And as the effect of this is almoſt always *ludicrous*, one is apt to conſider it as an eſſential property of wit that the ſurprize excited ſhould have ſomething *comic* or *mirthful* in it. Lord Kaims appears to have fallen into this opinion; yet if we take our ideas of wit from ſuch inſtances as have ever been allowed ſtandard examples of perfection, we ſhall find that this rule cannot be

be admitted without the excluſion of the fineſt thoughts in our moſt witty writers. Cowley and Waller abound in inſtances of ſerious and delicate wit, which to a high degree cauſe *ſurprize* and admiration, but totally unmixed with any thing ludicrous. I might copy almoſt their whole works, with thoſe of all the amorous and gallant poets in that age for ſuch examples. It would be an unprecedented ſeverity to deny wit to Waller's celebrated alluſion to the ſtory of Apollo and Daphne;

Like Phœbus, thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at love, but fill'd his arms with bays.

The following inſtance, (from Mrs. Greville's prayer for indifference) which even nearly approaches to the pathetic, muſt be allowed to poſſeſs real wit.

Nor

Nor eaſe nor peace that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too.

Even Hudibras, which affords ſuch a profuſion of ludicrous wit, contains alſo ſome of the ſerious kind. Thus, referring to the conſtancy of an unfavoured lover, there is this delicately witty ſimile,

True as the dial to the ſun
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon.

Comparison is not the only ſource from whence wit is derived. The agreeable ſurprize which characteriſes it, is produced not only by the unexpected junction of an object with another foreign to it, but from ſome uncommon turn of a thought, as it were, within itſelf; where ſome unexpected deduction is made from the

the premiſes; or in other words, to ſpeak in the language of the definition, where the *relation* of cauſe and effect, antecedent and conſequent, is *diſtant and fanciful.* This kind of wit is chiefly to be met with in epigram, and the variations in thoſe pieces which are promiſcuouſly ranged under this title, will very well ſerve to point out the circumſtances by which a thought becomes ingenious and witty.

THE original Greek epigram was merely, as its name imports, an inſcription, containing a ſingle thought, ſimply turned and expreſſed. It was generally ſome moral ſentence, or ſome plain fact relating to the particular ſubject of the inſcription; and its ſole merit conſiſted in propriety of expreſſion, and harmony of verſification. In ſhort, let critics as much as they pleaſe affect to admire the ſimplicity of the Greek epigram, it was certainly a very inſipid

piece

piece of compoſition. Martial, firſt of any writer whoſe works are deſcended to our time, changed the nature of the epigram, by introducing unuſual thoughts, and artificial turns of ſentiment. Some of his epigrams exactly anſwer the idea of *fine writing* before given; conſiſting of natural, but uncommon thoughts, and exciting rather a calm admiration and applauſe, than a ſudden ſurprize. To theſe, the term of *ingenious*, may, I think, be properly applied. The following examples are tranſlated from him.

When all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death; the brave lives on.

I offer love, but thou reſpect wilt have;
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave,
But know I can be no man's friend and ſlave.

He's

He's grave and ſober—well, what's that to me?
Such let my ſlave, not my companion be.

Add this of Prior,

Bleſt be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught
That happineſs is but opinion.

If with theſe the following inſtances be carefully compared, it will perhaps go nearer than abſtract definitions can do, to give a juſt notion of the gradation from fine writing and ingenuity, to wit.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis hers, and true ſhe ſwears,
For I know where ſhe bought it.

Whilſt in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

Cinna cries out, I am not worth a groat;
And is, plague on him! what he would be thought.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His ſpouſe is in deſpair,
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A diff'rent cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he ſhall die;
His wife, that he may live.

On a LADY'S PATCH.

That envious ſpeck upon your face
Had been a foil on one leſs fair,
On you it hides a charming grace,
And you, in mercy, placed it there.

She gazes all around her,
And wins a thouſand hearts;
But Cupid cannot wound her,
For ſhe has all his darts.

IN all theſe, an unexpected concluſion from the premiſes, or accounting for effects by fanciful cauſes, excites that ſudden emotion of *ſurprize*, which is the ſureſt mark of a witty conception.

I HAVE purpoſely ſelected ſome ludicrous and ſome ſerious inſtances, to ſhow that in this branch of wit, as well as in

that ariſing from compariſon, the effect may vary without eſſentially altering its quality.

These brief obſervations on the nature of wit in general, are not offered either as new, or as ſufficient for the accurate diſcuſſion of ſo nice a ſubject; but they appeared neceſſary to introduce our particular remarks upon the claſs of *witty and ingenious ſongs*; and I ſhall now proceed to them.

An artificial turn of thought was at one time ſo much the faſhion in ſong-writing, that, as before obſerved, Mr. Phillips ſeems to conſider it as eſſential to this ſpecies of compoſition. This unavoidably led him to take notice of the difficulty in diſtinguiſhing between *ſong* and *epigram*, yet he has done nothing towards removing it. The truth is, that in like manner as the

the paſſionate ſong is ſometimes entirely the ſame with the amorous *ode*, ſo the witty and ingenious ſong is entirely the ſame with the *epigram*. Yet, in this caſe, as well as in the former, there are peculiar characters of each, which in general render it ſufficiently obvious what name to apply.

THE epigram is a ſingle piece of wit, put into verſe. Its perfection conſiſts in great brevity, eaſe and perſpicuity of language, and in ſuch a manner of conducting the thought as to conclude with that ſtriking turn which conſtitutes the point of wit. Its moſt happy ſubject ſeems to be laughable ſatire, and the ſpecies of wit moſt proper to it, that depending upon the artificial turn of a thought within itſelf, and not a figure of compariſon. A ſong has been defined to conſiſt alſo of a ſingle thought, but divided into return-

ing portions of meaſure, ſo as to be fitted for muſic. Its ſubject has been in general reſtricted to love and gaiety, and its poetical character ought not to depend upon harmony of verſification alone, but upon ſome of thoſe ornamental figures which elevate ſentiment and deſcription above the pitch of ordinary language. Hence the wit moſt proper to ſong-writing is of that kind which ariſes from imagery and compariſon, and a mere repartee in verſe will not come up to the ſtrain of poetry expected in a ſong. For this reaſon I ſhould not heſitate to pronounce the little French piece which Mr. Phillips ſays paſſes abroad for an excellent ſong, an epigram and no ſong.

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I ſpeak always well of thee;
Yet ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

HERE is not one circumſtance which agrees with the true character of ſong-writing. When the epigram is upon a ſubject within the province of love or wine, and its meaſure has the variety and uniformity which ſuits the union with muſic, it becomes much more dubious by what term to diſtinguiſh it. There is an extremely apt inſtance in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, (Act III. Scene 10.) not only with reſpect to the piece itſelf, but his own opinion of this difficulty, which is given by the mouth of one of the characters.

Briſk. "TIS not a ſong neither—'tis a ſort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic ſonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's ſatire."

Antient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a ſtrange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?

She herſelf makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

In the following collection ſeveral inſtances of this kind will be met with, which the circumſtance of meaſure alone has determined me without ſcruple to admit in the rank of ſongs. I cannot point out a more complete example than a piece of Lord Lanſdown's;

Chloe's the wonder of her ſex.

It is univerſally agreed that abſolute ſingleneſs of thought is eſſential to the epigram. Whether this rule be ſo ſtrictly applicable to the ſong, will admit of ſome diſcuſſion. Mr. Phillips very juſtly cenſures the great licentiouſneſs of Cowley, and ſome of our moſt witty poets, in the variety of thoughts which they admit into their

their ſongs. A ſucceſſion of new ideas ſtarted in every line, juſt touched upon, and immediately loſt, diſtracts the attention, and enfeebles the effect of the whole; and amidſt the profuſion of ornament, real elegance and beauty is overwhelmed. Yet if the ornamental character of Lyric poetry be conſidered, it will not perhaps appear inconſiſtent with a juſt taſte, that the ſingle original thought, which is the foundation of every piece, may through the courſe of ſeveral ſtanzas be enlivened with a moderate variety of imagery, if the general tendency of the whole be ſimilar, and if the moſt ſtriking point be reſerved for the concluſion. Wit, indeed, in its higheſt perfection, is a rarity of too rich a taſte and too delicious a flavour, to be devoured like common food; it is properly the deſert that crowns the feaſt, and it rather ſhows the glutton than the true epicure to take it promiſcuouſly with other things.

For

For this reaſon, though there may be in a ſong a variety of ſuch ingenious turns as come under the denomination of fine writing, yet the point of genuine wit ought to be ſingle. The ſurprize which it excites, is of a kind that does not mix readily with any other emotion, and when it occurs in different parts of a ſong, it ſeems to divide it into ſo many diſtinct portions. Thus the following piece rather appears like three excellent epigrams united, than a connected ſong.

Coſmelia's charms inſpire my lays;
  Who young in nature's ſcorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
  Like Glaſtonbury thorn.

Coſmelia cruel at three-ſcore,
  Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
  But in the fifth ſhe ſlays.

If

If e'er impatient for the bliſs
Within her arms you fall,
The plaſter'd fair returns the kiſs,
Like Thiſbe, thro' a wall.

THERE cannot be a more complete inſtance of fine taſte and elegant ſimplicity in the management of a witty conception, than in the ſong,

Why will Florella while I gaze,

and among a variety of beautiful pieces of a ſimilar kind which this collection affords, I would fix upon it as the moſt perfect. The two ſongs by which Mr. Phillips exemplifies his idea of ſong-writing,

On Belvidera's boſom lying,

and

Boaſt not miſtaken ſwain thy art,

muſt

muſt be acknowledged finiſhed pieces of the *ingenious* ſong, where, without any remarkable brilliancy, there is a pleaſing vein of uncommon ſentiment expreſſed with great delicacy of language, and managed ſo as to conclude with a ſtriking turn of thought.

For this kind of writing he juſtly cites the French as peculiarly excellent; and it may not be improper to give a few ſpecimens of their ſongs, by way of compariſon with ours of a ſimilar turn.

Quand le ſage Damon dit, que d'un trait mortel,
L'Amour bleſſe les cœurs ſans qu'ils oſent s'en plaindre;
Que c'eſt un Dieu traitre & cruel,
L'Amour pour moi n'eſt pas a craindre.

Mais quand le jeune Atis me vient dire a ſon tour,
Ce Dieu n'eſt qu'un enfant, doux, careſſant, aimable,
Plus beau mille fois que le jour;
Que je le trouve redoutable!

Dieu des amants, viens accorder ma lyre,
Me pourrois-tu refuſer mes leçons ?
La jeune Iris, l'honneur de ton empire,
Attend de moi d'amoureuſes chanſons.

A mes accents rend la belle attentive,
Fai moi trouver la route de ſon cœur ;
Viens endormir une raiſon craintive,
Qui lui defend d'ecouter ma langeur.

Va, dit l'Amour, j'exauce ta priere,
Tu recevras le prix que tu pretends ;
Aux petits ſoins d'un cœur tendre & ſincere
On ne ſauroit ſe refuſer long tems.

Pourriez vous bien etre encore inflexible,
Apres ces mots du plus puiſſant des Dieux ?
Quand il promit de vous rendre ſenſible,
Charmante Iris, il etoit dans vos yeux.

La Raiſon n'eſt pas raiſonable,
Bien fou qui s'en laiſſe charmer,
Elle me dit, Iris, que vous etes aimable,
Et me defend de vous aimer.

Aime Iris, dit l'Amour, puiſque elle a ſu te plaire,
Profite des beaux jours de ta belle ſaiſon ;
Ma foi, l'Amour ſur cette affaire
Raiſonne mieux que la Raiſon.

Tircis, votre langeur extreme
A paſſé juſques dans mon cœur ;
Parlez, il n'eſt plus tems de feindre ;
Mais vous ne dites rien, helas !
Aurois je le malheur de plaindre
Un mal que je ne cauſe pas ?

Le berger qui ſuivoit mes loix
Se derobe enfin a ma chaine ;
Pour me croire trop inhumaine
Il va fixer ailleurs ſon choix.
D'une inconſtance ſi cruelle
Je me plaindrois avec eclat,
Si Tircis n'etoit qu'infidelle ;
Mais, par malheur, il eſt ingrat.

Pensez y bien, jeune Climene,
Rempliſſez mes tendres deſirs;
Helas! ſi pres de vous j'allois perdre ma peine
Vous perderiez mille plaiſirs.

Autrefois la charmante Hortenſe
Dont mille amants formoient la cour,
Par une heureuſe preference,
Me donna des leçons d'amour.

Par elle j'appris l'art de plaire,
Ces tranſports, ces empreſſements,
Ces petits ſoins, la grande affaire,
Et le grand ſavoir des amants.

Elle m'avoit inſtruit a peine
De ces doux miſteres d'amour,
Qu' auſſitot a la jeune Iſmene
J'en fis des leçons a mon tour.

Mais en l'inſtruiſant comme on aime
Que j'aimois a voir ſes progres!
Le plaiſir d'etre inſtruit moi meme
Avoit eu pour moi moins d'attraits.

Iſmene eut toute ma tendreſſe,
Et mon eleve a mes regards
Fut plus chere que ma maitreſſe;
C'en eſt ainſi dans tous les arts.

Pourquoi ſoupirez vous charmante Celimene?
Vous qui cauſez aux cœurs des ſenſibles tourments?
Ah! ſi je ſoulageois une ſi rude peine,
Je guerirois auſſi des maux que je reſſens.

Quand tu vois ſoupirer la triſte Celimene
C'eſt que l'amour la livre aux ſenſibles tourments;
Ah! s'il m'etoit permis de ſoulager ta peine,
Je guerirois auſſi des maux que je reſſens.

INGENIOUS AND WITTY SONGS.

ON BELVIDERA's boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying;
The cold regardleſs maid to move
With unavailing prayers I ſue;
You firſt have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondneſs to improve;
If to be happy you ſhould learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

PHILLIPS.

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdued my heart
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps by ſome fond whim betray'd
In oddneſs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire,
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

By

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud
Whom love has render'd blind.

PHILLIPS.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart,
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal ſtroke;
Till by her wit CORINNA ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For BELVIDERA I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the falſe inconſtant lover
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

NOT, CELIA, that I juſter am,
Or truer than the reſt;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my intereſt.

But I'm ſo fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have,
That ſhould you now my heart ſet free
'Twould be again your ſlave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear ſelf I find;
For the whole ſex can but afford
The handſome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power
  This conſtancy is due,
When change itſelf can give no more
  'Tis eaſy to be true.

IT is not, CELIA, in our power
  To ſay how long our love will laſt;
  It may be we within this hour
May loſe the joys we now do taſte:
The bleſſed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

  Then ſince we mortal lovers are,
Aſk not how long our love will laſt;
  But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt:
Were it not madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die?

ETHERIDGE.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move;
Which can be juſt and kind?

Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breaſt?

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

LYTTELTON.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over;
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her lover:
Thus in doubting ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

Pr'ythee CYNTHIA look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late deſire will find you
When the power does forſake you.
Think, oh! think, the ſad condition
To be paſt, yet wiſh fruition.

CONGREVE.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A ſickly flame, which if not fed expires,
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a ſwain
For whom inferiour beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I ſee
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

CONGREVE.

FAIR AMORET is gone aſtray,
Purſue and ſeek her, every lover;
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wand'ring ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected,
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

With ſkill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And, while ſhe laughs at them, forgets,
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

CONGREVE.

IN CHLORIS all ſoft charms agree,
Inchanting humour, pow'rful wit,
Beauty from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.
Where'er ſhe goes love waits her eyes,
The women envy, men adore;
Tho' did ſhe leſs the triumph prize,
She would deſerve the conqueſt more.

But vanity ſo much prevails,
She begs what none elſe would deny her,
Makes ſuch advances with her eyes,
The hope ſhe gives prevents deſire:
Catches at every trifling heart,
Grows warm with every glimm'ring flame;
The common prey ſo deads her dart,
It ſcarce can pierce a noble game.

I could lie ages at her feet,
Adore her careleſs of my pain,
With tender vows her rigours meet,
Deſpair, love on, and not complain;

My

My paſſion from all change ſecure
No favours raiſe, no frown controuls;
I any torment can endure
But hoping with a crowd of fools.

YES, FULVIA is like VENUS fair,
Has all her bloom and ſhape and air;
But ſtill to perfect every grace,
She wants—the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic JUNO wore,
And CYNTHIA's brow the creſcent bore,
A helmet mark'd MINERVA's mien;
But ſmiles diſtinguiſh'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentleſt doves,
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then

Then ſmile my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SHENSTONE.

I TELL thee, CHARMION, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt off'ring give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I ſhould all my oaths and vows renew,
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to centre in a point aſſign'd,
But runs with joy the circle of the mind:
Then let us never chain what ſhould be free,
But for relief of either ſex agree;
Since women love to change, and ſo do we.

CONGREVE.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing on the plain,
Song nor ſonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occaſion,
And be maſter of the field;
To a powerful kind invaſion
'Twere a madneſs not to yield.

Love gives out a large commiſſion,
Still indulgent to the brave;
But one ſin of baſe omiſſion
Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful, for ſhame.

When

When the fierce aſſault is over,
  CHLORIS time enough will find
This her cruel furious lover
  Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

SEDLEY.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
  And not make a ſecond trial?
You might ſee my eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting;
Women oblig'd to dwell in forms
Forgive the youth that boldly ſtorms.

Lovers when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your anguiſh,
To the nymph you'll be more pleaſing
When thoſe ſorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wiſh the foe ſhould ſpare.

LET not Love on me beſtow
Soft diſtreſs and tender woe;
I know none but ſubſtantial bliſſes,
Eager glances, ſolid kiſſes.

I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleaſure mix'd with pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

STEEL.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

If

If on me ZELINDA frown,
Madneſs 'tis all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live.

If I for ZELINDA die
Deaf to poor MIZELLA's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why;
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

PHILLIPS.

DEAR COLIN prevent my warm bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wiſhes,
O! can't you their meaning explain?

My paſſion would loſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confeſſion,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since

Since yours is the province of ſpeaking,
  Why ſhould you expect it from me?
Our wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
  Till you tell us what they ſhould be.

Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
  Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
  What I in my boſom confine.

L. M. W. MONTAGUE.

The ANSWER.

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
  A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me I would not give a ſhilling
  For one that can love without rule.

At leaſt you ſhould wait for our offers,
  Nor ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
If you've lived to theſe years without proffers
  Your ſighs are now loſt in the air.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs at your bluſhing,
And not ſpeak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and puſhing;
'Tis yours to affect a diſdain.

That you're in a terrible taking
From all your fond oglings I ſee;
But the fruit that will fall without ſhaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

SIR W. YONGE.

WHEN firſt I ſought fair CÆLIA's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain;
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At

At laſt o'ercome ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forſook her when poſſeſt,
And fled to other's arms.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
To rage thy breaſt incline,
For why, ſince you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine?

SOAME JENYNS.

CORINNA coſt me many a prayer,
Ere I her heart could gain,
But ſhe ten thouſand more ſhould hear
To take that heart again.

Deſpair I thought the greateſt curſe,
But to my coſt I find
CORINNA's conſtancy ſtill worſe,
Moſt cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve,
How ill divide the joy,
Who does at firſt his lovers ſtarve,
And then with plenty cloy.

ALL my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like tranſitory dreams given o'er,
Whoſe images are kept in ſtore
By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not;
How then can it be mine?
The preſent moment's all my lot,
And that, as faſt as it is got,
PHYLLIS, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
Falſe hearts, and broken vows;

If

If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

ROCHESTER.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And CELIA has undone me;
But yet I ſwear I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm
Of CELIA altogether.

WHITEHEAD.

YE little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As CELIA on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whiſper—STREPHON dies.

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair diſdains to love,
Smile and ſay 'tis all a lie,
And haughty STREPHON ſcorns to die.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe,
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was try'd,
And had this puniſhment aſſign'd,
Folly ſhould to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

AN amorous ſwain to Juno pray'd,
And thus his ſuit did move;
Give me, oh! give me the dear maid,
Or take away my love.

The Goddeſs thunder'd from the ſkies,
And granted his requeſt;
To make him happy, made him wiſe,
And drove her from his breaſt.

SWAIN, thy hopeleſs paſſion ſmother,*
Perjur'd CELIA loves another;
In his arms I ſaw her lying,
Panting, kiſſing, trembling, dying;
There the fair deceiver ſwore,
All ſhe did to you before.

Oh!

* THE turn in this ſong is ingeniouſly copied out of Ovid's epiſtle from Oenone to Paris.

Cum Paris Oenone poterit ſpirare relicta,
Ad fontem Xanthi verſa recurret aqua;
Xanthe retro propera, verſæque recurrite lymphæ,
Suſtinet Oenone deſeruiſſe Paris.

Oenone left, when Paris can ſurvive,
The waves of Xanthus ſhall reverſe their courſe;
Turn waters, turn, flow upward to your ſource,
Oenone's left, yet Paris bears to live.

Oh! ſaid you, when ſhe deceives me,
When that conſtant creature leaves me,
Iſis' waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their oozy channels dry;
Turn, ye waters, leave your ſhore,
Perjur'd CELIA loves no more.

CUPID, inſtruct an amorous ſwain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain
To common youths unknown;
To talk of ſighs, and flames, and darts,
Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'ſt thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That love the ſhepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find;
When Phœbus does his beams diſplay,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to ſuppoſe them blind.

LOVE's a dream of mighty treaſure,
Which in fancy we poſſeſs;
In the folly lies the pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.

When we think by paſſion heated
We a Goddeſs have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
Whom his miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.

While the wretch who would be knowing
What the fair one would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That CHLOE's falſe and common;
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?
Perhaps ſhe fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

CONGREVE.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But if thus bleſt I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

CHESTERFIELD.

CHLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature graciouſly inclin'd
With liberal hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs bent to eaſe us.

LANDSDOWN.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhow,
To ſet his EURYDICE free.

All

All hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far; but how vaſt their ſurprize
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a puniſhment due for his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments ſufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such merit had muſic in hell.

LISLE.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whoſe ſnow is ſpread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of

Of ſmoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambuſh lies.

If naked eyes ſet hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inſpire;
Thro' glaſs, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
My peace or bliſs deſtroy;
Alive, ſhe gives no jealous fears,
And dead, ſhe crowns my joy.

CHLOE briſk and gay appears,
On purpoſe to invite;
Yet, when I preſs her, ſhe, in tears
Denies her ſole delight.

Whilſt

Whilſt CELIA, ſeeming ſhy and coy,
To all her favours grants;
And ſecretly receives that joy,
Which others think ſhe wants.

I would, but fear I never ſhall,
With either fair agree;
For CELIA will be kind to all,
But CHLOE won't to me.

OH! turn away thoſe cruel eyes,
The ſtars of my undoing;
Or death in ſuch a bright diſguiſe
May tempt a ſecond wooing.

Puniſh their blindly impious pride
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deify'd
Thy name, and ſeal'd thy ſtory.

Yet

Yet no new ſuff'rings can prepare
A higher praiſe to crown thee;
Tho' my firſt death proclaim thee fair,
My ſecond will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canſt entice
No other for thy fuel;
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Think thee both poor and cruel.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can FLAVIA do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe ſighs, and weep no more;
Should heav'n and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain; ſince any pow'r,
To crown thy love, muſt alter mine.

But, if revenge can eaſe thy pain,
I'll ſooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

THE merchant to ſecure his treaſure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
EUPHELIA ſerves to grace my meaſure,
But CHLOE is my real flame.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre
Upon EUPHELIA's toilet lay,
When CHLOE noted her deſire
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe,
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And whilſt I ſing EUPHELIA's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on CHLOE's eyes.

Fair

Fair CHLOE bluſh'd; EUPHELIA frown'd;
I ſung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled;
And Venus to the loves around
Remark'd how ill we all diſſembled.

PRIOR.

CELIA hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miſer's treaſure;
Still the vain poſſeſſor's poor,
What are riches without pleaſure?
Endleſs pains the miſer takes
To increaſe his heaps of money,
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes
Yet he fears to taſte his honey.

Views with aching eyes his ſtore,
Trembling leſt he chance to loſe it,
Pining ſtill for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants power to uſe it.
CELIA thus with endleſs arts
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring ſtill to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the ſweets of loving.

Views with pride her ſhape and face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under twenty;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find
Time their idol from them ſever,
He muſt leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

CELIA's fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading charms deceive her,
Vain deſire will be her curſe
When no mortal will relieve her.
CELIA hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miſer's treaſure,
Taſte a little of thy ſtore;
What is beauty without pleaſure?

AS the ſnow in vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;

So

So the beauties, ſo the graces
Of the moſt bewitching faces
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded
Is deſpis'd and is upbraided
By the ſlaves he once controul'd;
So the nymph if none could move her
Is contemn'd by every lover
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarreling and pining
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft careſſes, amorous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances,
Are the bleſt effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming
Uſe your time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories
To your unbelieving friends.

CELIA, too late you would repent;
The off'ring all your ſtore
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair
When firſt my court I made,
But when your falſhoods plain appear
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of thoſe favours ſhown
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

Oh!

Oh! ſince the thing we beg's a toy,
By lovers priz'd alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone?

WALSH.

IF the quick ſpirit of your eye,
Now languiſh, and anon muſt die;
If every ſweet and every grace
Muſt fly from that forſaken face;
Then CELIA, let us reap our joys,
Ere time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroys.

Or if that golden fleece muſt grow
For ever free from aged ſnow;
If thoſe bright ſuns muſt know no ſhade,
Nor your freſh beauty ever fade;
Then, CELIA, fear not to beſtow
What ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.

Thus either time his ſickle brings
In vain, or elſe in vain his wings.

LATE when love I ſeem'd to ſlight,
PHYLLIS ſmil'd as well ſhe might;
Now, ſaid ſhe, our throne may tremble,
Men our province now invade,
Men take up our royal trade,
Men, ev'n men, do now diſſemble,
In the duſt our empire's laid.

Tutor'd by the wiſe and grave,
Loath I was to be a ſlave;
Miſtreſs founded arbitrary;
So I choſe to hide my flame
Friendſhip, a diſcreeter name;
But ſhe ſcorns one jot to vary,
She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
Rather than the warmeſt friend;
Friendſhip of another kind is,
Swediſh coin of groſs allay,
A cart-load will ſcarce defray;
Love, one grain is worth the Indies,
Only love is current pay.

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart;

Each

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, ſhe
Employ'd the utmoſt of her art;
To make a lover, he.

THE Graces and the wand'ring Loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chaſe the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

But ſee! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you, ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood, like you;
Or you, like her, divine.

SAY, lovely dream, where could'ſt thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream!
Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale,

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of LETHE; or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide.
And death reſembling equals all.

WALLER.

COME little infant love me now,
While thine unſuſpected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealouſy and fears.

Pretty

Pretty ſurely 'twere to ſee
By young love old time beguil'd,
While our ſportings are as free
As the nurſes with the child.

Common beauties ſtay fifteen,
Such as yours ſhould ſwifter move,
Whoſe fair bloſſoms are too green
Yet for luſt, but not for love.

Love as much the ſnowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid does prize,
As the luſty bull or ram,
For his morning ſacrifice.

Now then love me, time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us ſhe meant,
We that good ſhould antedate,
Or if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus

Thus as kingdoms fruſtrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain
Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both ſhall monarchs prove.

MARVEL.

A SIGH.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a ſecret fire,
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers,
Ere yet daring to aſpire.

Softeſt note of whiſper'd anguiſh,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the liſt'ners heart.

Safeſt

Safeſt meſſenger of paſſion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of ſpies,
Which conſtrain the outward faſhion,
Cloſe the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeleſs ſigh, we ne'er can ſhow thee,
Form'd but to aſſault the ear;
Yet ere to their coſt they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee here.

SHE loves, and ſhe confeſſes too;
Then there's at laſt no more to do;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou haſt won.
The fruits of conqueſt now begin,
Io triumphe, enter in.

What's this, ye gods, what can it be?
Remains there ſtill an enemy?
Bold honour ſtands up in the gate
And would yet capitulate.

Have

Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?

Noiſy nothing, ſtalking ſhade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms!
But I ſhall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilſhip to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I ſhall rid myſelf of thee
By the night's obſcurity,
And obſcurer ſecrecy.
Unlike to every other ſpright,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t'affright,
Nor appear'ſt, but in the light.

COWLEY.

'TIS now ſince I ſat down before
That fooliſh fort, a heart,
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a year and more,
And ſtill I did my part.

Made

Made my approaches, from her hand
  Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
  The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no leſs art,
  My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
  By whiſpering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
  Great cannon oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the town,
  And ſtill it yielded not.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the place
  By cutting off all kiſſes,
Praiſing and gazing on her face,
  And all ſuch little bliſſes.

To draw her out and from her ſtrength,
  I drew all batteries in;
And brought myſelf to lie at length
  As if no ſiege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at all was done.

I ſent to know from whence and where,
Theſe hopes, and this relief;
A ſpy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word ſtraight give,
Let's loſe no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever.

To ſuch a place our camp remove
As will no ſiege abide:
I hate a fool that ſtarves her love
Only to feed her pride.

SUCKLING.

PURSUING beauty, men deſcry
The diſtant ſhore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treaſures of the land of love.

We women like weak Indians ſtand,
Inviting from our golden coaſt
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
But ſhe who trades with them is loſt.

With humble vows they firſt begin,
Stealing unſeen into the heart;
But by poſſeſſion ſettled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we reſign
In ignorance our ſhining ſtore;
Diſcover nature's richeſt mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but diſcovery;
When that is made, the pleaſure's done.

STELLA and FLAVIA every hour
Do various hearts ſurprize;
In STELLA's ſoul is all her power,
And FLAVIA's in her eyes.
More boundleſs FLAVIA's conqueſts are,
And STELLA's more confin'd;
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a heavenly mind.

STELLA, like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants FLAVIA deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then

Then boaſt, fair FLAVIA, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore,
Each day that makes thy charms decreaſe
Will yield to STELLA more.

EARL.

WHEN gentle CELIA firſt I knew,
A breaſt ſo good, ſo kind, ſo true,
Reaſon and taſte approv'd;
Pleas'd to indulge ſo pure a flame,
I call'd it by too ſoft a name,
And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till CHLORIS came, with ſad ſurprize
I felt the lightning of her eyes
Thro' all my ſenſes run;
All glowing with reſiſtleſs charms,
She fill'd my breaſt with new alarms,
I ſaw, and was undone.

O CELIA! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakneſs to upbraid
Which ought your ſcorn to move:
I know this beauty falſe and vain,
I know ſhe triumphs in my pain,
Yet ſtill I feel I love.

Thy gentle ſmiles no more can pleaſe,
Nor can thy ſofteſt friendſhip eaſe
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breaſt muſt feel
Which truth and kindneſs cannot heal,
Nor even thy pity cure.

Oft ſhall I curſe my iron chain,
And wiſh again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret;
All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I ſtill to reaſon live
I were thy captive yet.

But paſſion's wild impetuous ſea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to ſtruggle more:
Thus the poor ſailor ſlumbering lies,

While

While ſwelling tides around him riſe,
And puſh his bark from ſhore.

In vain he ſpreads his helpleſs arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his ſtate;
Still far and farther from the coaſt,
On the high ſurge his bark is toſt,
And foundering yields to fate.

MRS. BARBAULD.

WHEN firſt upon your tender cheek
I ſaw the morn of beauty break
With mild and chearing beam,
I bow'd before your infant ſhrine,
The earlieſt ſighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I ſaw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundleſs empire born,
And firſt confeſs'd your ſway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,

Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas ſafe to gaze;
And fondly bleſt each riſing charm,
Nor thought ſuch innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now deſpotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneelings crowds adore;
Theſe charms ariſe too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the ſight,
And I muſt hope no more.

Thus to the riſing God of day
Their early vows the Perſians pay,
And bleſs the ſpreading fire;
Whoſe glowing chariot mounting ſoon
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They ſicken and expire.

MRS. BARBAULD.

AS ARIANA young and fair
By night the ſtarry choir did tell,
She found in CASSIOPEIA's chair
One beauteous light the reſt excel:
This happy ſtar unſeen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new-born glory in the ſkies.

Or if within the ſphere it grew,
Before ſhe gaz'd the lamp was dim;
But from her eyes the ſparkles flew
That gave new luſtre to the gem:
Bright omen! what doſt thou portend,
Thou threat'ning beauty of the ſky;
What great, what happy monarch's end?
For ſure by thee 'tis ſweet to die.

Whether to thy foreboding fire
We owe the creſcent in decay;
Or muſt the mighty Gaul expire,
A victim to thy fatal ray?

Such

Such a preſage will late be ſhewn
Before the world in aſhes lies;
But if leſs ruin will attone,
Let STREPHON's only fate ſuffice.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

WHEN firſt I ſaw LUCINDA's face,
And view'd the dazzling glories there,
She ſeem'd of a diviner race,
Than that which nature planted here.

With ſacred homage down I fell,
Wond'ring whence ſuch a form could ſpring;
Tell me, I cry'd, fair viſion, tell
The dread commands from heaven you bring.

For if paſt ſins may be forgiven,
By this bright evidence I know
The careful Gods have made a heaven,
That made ſuch angels for it too.

CHLORIS, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he uſed to ſoar ſo high.

Had Echo with ſo ſweet a grace
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

WALLER.

STREPHON has faſhion, wit and youth,
With all things elſe that pleaſe;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with eaſe:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle ſtrong deſire;

His

His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O! how it does my ſoul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he ſhould deſpiſe the ſex,
Or worſe, ſhould love 'em all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus ſeeks in vain for reſt;
Finding no hope to fix its love,
Returns into my breaſt.

MRS. TAYLOR.

AT CYNTHIA's feet I ſigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a ſmile.

Such fooliſh timorous arts as theſe
Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to pleaſe,
They were too cold to warm.

Reſolv'd, I roſe, and ſoftly preſt
The lilies of her neck;

With

With longing eager lips I kiſt
The roſes of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldneſs, ſhe relents,
And burns with equal fire;
To all my wiſhes ſhe conſents,
And crowns my fierce deſire.

With heat like this PYGMALION mov'd
His ſtatue's icy charms;
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arms.

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we ſoar
In the pride of the day;
Gouty ſots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the ſun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light;

We

We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They ſteal wine who take it
When he's out of ſight.

Boy fill all the glaſſes,
Fill them up now he ſhines;
The higher he riſes
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

IN vain, dear CHLOE, you ſuggeſt
That I inconſtant have poſſeſt
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe;
Would you with eaſe at once be cur'd
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your glaſs and me.

If then you think that I can find
A nymph more fair or one more kind,
You've reaſon for your fears;

But

But if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty or my love,
How needleſs are your tears!

If in my way I ſhould by chance
Receive or give a wanton glance,
I like but while I view;
How ſlight the glance, how faint the kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial bliſs,
Which I receive from you!

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flower to flower ſtill wanders free;
And where each bloſſom blows,
Extracts the juice from all he meets,
But, for his quinteſſence of ſweets,
He raviſhes the roſe.

So my fond fancy to employ
On each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph I roam;
Perhaps ſee fifty in a day,
Theſe are but viſits that I pay,
For CHLOE is my home.

SHOULD ſome perverſe malignant ſtar
(As envious ſtars will ſometimes ſhine)
Throw me from my FLORELLA far,
Let not my lovely fair repine
If in her abſence I ſhould gaze
With pleaſure on another's face.

The wearied pilgrim, when the ſun
Has ended his diurnal race,
With pleaſure ſees the friendly moon
By borrow'd light, ſupply his place:
Not that he ſlights the God of day,
But loves ev'n his reflected ray.

WHY will FLORELLA while I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To

To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair
Still gentle uſage find.

But oh! how faint is every joy
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So reſtleſs exiles doom'd to roam
Meet pity every where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

ORIGINAL PIECES.

Advertiſement.

IN the former edition, the greater part of the following article conſiſted of ſome pieces, which having ſince appeared in a publication of miſcellaneous poems, are now incorporated with the foregoing collection. The very favourable reception they met with, in common with the other productions of their author, will, it is hoped, prevent the imputation of fraternal partiality in allotting them a place among pieces of acknowledged poetical merit.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE. (a)

"ONE parting kiſs, my ETHELINDE!"
Young EDWIN fault'ring cried,
"I hear thy father's haſty tread,
Nor longer muſt I bide.

To-morrow, eve in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say wilt thou meet thy own true love,
Whoſe only joy's in thee?"

She claſp'd the dear beloved youth,
And ſigh'd and dropt a tear;
"Whate'er betide, my only love
I'll ſurely meet thee there."

They kiſs, they part; a liſtning page
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

(a) This piece was printed a few years ſince in the Gentleman's Magazine.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek,
" Heavens! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
My daughter's love to ſeek!

But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue;
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When ETHELINDE with beating breaſt
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe looks around,
No EDWIN there was ſeen;
" He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his abſence mean!"

Her heart beat thick every at noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood;
And now ſhe travers'd quick the ground,
And now ſhe liſtning ſtood.

Enlivening

Enlivening hope and chilling fear
By turns her boſom ſhare,
And now ſhe calls upon his name,
Now weeps in ſad deſpair.

Mean-time the day's laſt glimmerings fled,
And blackening all the ſky
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor ETHELINDE aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

"Where art thou now my EDWIN dear!
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretels
That aid thou canſt not grant."

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves;
Now looks to heaven with earneſt prayer,
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length a diſtant taper's ray
  Struck beaming on her ſight;
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
  Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
  In this ſequeſter'd wild,
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
  His words were ſoft and mild.

He ope'd his hoſpitable door,
  And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form,
  Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

"Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
  To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
Here reſt ſecure thy wearied feet,
  Here peace and ſafety dwell."

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
  And gently ſought to know
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
  The ſtory of her woe.

Scarce

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When ſtruck with dread they hear
Voices confus'd with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

"Help, father! help," they loudly cry,
"A wretch here bleeds to death,
Some cordial balſam quickly give
To ſtay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound;
When, woful ſight! 'twas EDWIN's ſelf
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor ETHELINDE
Beſides his body falls;
"Lift up thine eyes, my EDWIN dear,
'Tis ETHELINDE that calls."

That much lov'd ſound recalls his life,
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
Then feebly murmuring out her name
He gaſps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb deſpair
She gaz'd on EDWIN dead;
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

A DIRGE.

BOW the head thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guiſe;
Sickly turn thy ſhining white,
Bend thy ſtalk and never riſe.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely roſe,
Shed thy leaves ſo ſweet and gay;
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
All untwine from yonder bower;

Drag

Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with duſt each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My EMMA and her happy ſwain,
By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim half-cloſed eyes,
Is bowed upon her breaſt of ſnow;
And cold and faded are thoſe cheeks,
That wont with chearful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the ſounds of love;
And lifeleſs are thoſe beauteous limbs,
That with ſuch eaſe and grace did move.

And I of all my bliſs bereft,
Lonely and ſad muſt ever moan;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

To Sleep.

COME gentle God of ſoft repoſe,
Come ſooth this tortur'd breaſt;
Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to reſt.

Come gentle God, without thy aid
I ſink in dark deſpair;
O wrap me in thy ſilent ſhade,
For peace is only there.

Let hope in ſome propitious dream
Her bright illuſions ſpread;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.

O quickly ſend thy kind relief,
Theſe heart-felt pangs remove;
Let me forget myſelf, my grief,
And every care—but love.

ASPASIA rolls her ſparkling eyes,
And every boſom feels her power;
The Indians thus view Phœbus riſe,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the ſoul the piercing ſplendors dart,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldeſt heart.

ASPASIA ſpeaks; the liſtening crowd
Drink in the ſound with greedy ears;
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And ſelf-admiring folly hears.
Her wit ſecures the conqueſts of her face;
Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

ASPASIA moves; her well-turn'd limbs
Glide ſtately with harmonious eaſe;
Now thro' the mazy dance ſhe ſwims,
Like a tall bark o'er ſummer ſeas;

'Twas

'Twas thus ÆNEAS knew the queen of love,
Majeſtic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah! how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one ſo heavenly fair;
For in my humble ſtate forgot,
Each charm but adds to my deſpair.
The tuneful ſwan thus faintly warbling lies,
Looks on his mate, and while he ſings, he dies.

THE END.